FRIENDSHIP'S

OFFERING.

1844

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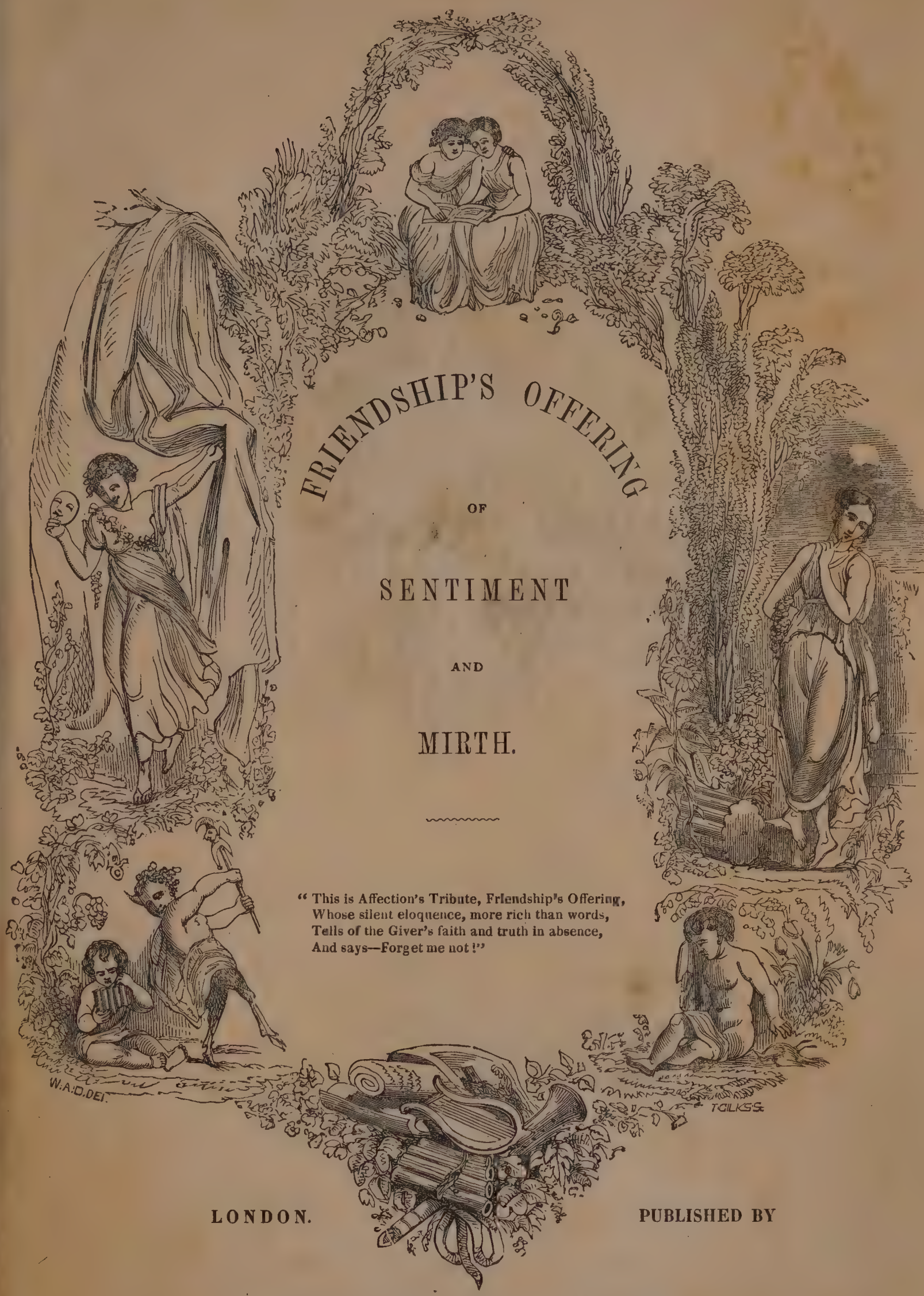
Painted by F. Stone. Engraved by E. Finden.

UMPIRES OF THE COMBAT.

Published by Smith, Elder & Cº 65, Cornhill.



FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING

OF

SENTIMENT

AND

MIRTH.

" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"

LONDON. PUBLISHED BY

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1844.

London: STEWART and MURRAY, Old Bailey.

TO

HER MAJESTY

ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER,

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING" is this year "an old friend with a new face," it is hoped that the more essential of the qualities which recommended it to the patronage of the public will be found unchanged.

The increased size of the paper gives it more than heretofore the air of a drawing-room book, and was necessary in order to show to proper advantage the increased beauty of the Plates. These improvements, together with the greatly extended List of Embellishments, unattended by any enhancement of the price, will prove at least that the publishers do not look for success without making an adequate effort to deserve it.

As for the intermingling of comic matter with the sentimental which has hitherto been the staple of the publications of the kind, it seemed to be called for by the changing taste of the time, — a taste which the Editor has nothing to do with but to follow to the best of his ability.

LEITCH RITCHIE.

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

I. Umpires of the Combat. Engraved by E. Finden; from the Original Painting by F. Stone . . . *Frontispiece*

II. Illustrated Title. Drawn by E. C. Wood. Engraved by T. Gilks

III. The Look-Out. Painted by Chisholm. Engraved by E. Finden . . . . . *to face page* 12

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TO OUR NEIGHBOUR'S HEALTH!

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SEND the red wine round to night;
For the blast is bitter cold.
Let us sing a song that's light:
Merry rhymes are good as gold.

Here's unto our neighbour's health!
Oh, he plays the better part;
Doing good, but not by stealth:—
Is he not a noble heart?

Should you bid me tell his name,—
Show wherein his virtues dwell;
'Faith, (I speak it to my shame,)
I should scarce know what to tell.

"Is he—?"—"Sir, he is a thing
Cast in common human clay;
'Tween a beggar and a king;
Fit to order or obey."

"He is, then, a soldier brave?"—
"No: he doth not kill his kin,
Pampering the luxurious grave
With the blood and bones of sin."

"Or a judge?"—"He doth not sit,
Making hucksters' bargains plain;
Piercing cobwebs with his wit;
Cutting tangled knots in twain."

"He is an abbot, then, at least?"—
"No: he's neither proud nor blythe;
Nor a stall-fed burly beast,
Gluttoning on the pauper's tithe.

He is brave, but he is meek;
Not as judge or soldier seems;
Not like abbot, proud and sleek:
Yet his dreams are starry dreams,—

"Such as lit the world of old,
Through the darkness of her way;
Such as might, if clearly told,
Guide blind Future into day.

"Never hath he sought to rise
On a friend's or neighbour's fall;
Never slurred a foe with lies;
Never shrank from Hunger's call.

"But from morning until eve,
And through Autumn into Spring,
He hath kept his course, (believe,)
Courting neither slave nor king.

"He,—whatever be his name,
For I know it not aright,—
He deserves a wider fame:—
Come! here's to his health to-night!"

ON THE KNIGHTHOOD OF SIR ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

"'Tis well," cried France, as up the Seine
The news old Rumour bore,
"I will not then again complain,
Nor grudge him to them more.
I've done it oft, in very spleen,
Since that great *Bore* so served him,
But, knighted by their fair young Queen,
I own they've now deserved him!"

S. M.

PADDY'S BONNEEN.

A Sketch of Irish Character.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

An incident, however slight, sometimes fixes itself upon the memory more firmly than a decided adventure, or an event of importance. I was wandering one evening in Richmond Park; we had entered its enclosure at the Ham gate, and after indulging in much speculation as to the exact spot where Jeanie Deans met Queen Caroline, frequently losing and then finding our way, we arrived, as the sun was setting, at the gates which open on the all-beautiful hill. As our home for the time being was in the pretty village of Petersham, instead of passing the Star and Garter, we turned down the wooded road to the left, catching every now and then glimpses of the Thames, as it flowed in its dignified and tranquil beauty

"——— through meadows ever green."

A troop of merry children were playing amid the brush-wood,

whooping and calling to each other, and laughing, wild childish laughter—the sweetest music in the world. We paused for a few moments to listen to its harmony, and then continued our homeward walk; that noise died away, but was succeeded by another, of a very different character — the voice of wailing, interrupted by bitter sobs. I could not for a moment mistake the sob of an Irish voice, it is so deep—so earnest—so altogether abandoned to the grief of the moment; nor could I forbear exclaiming: "There!—that I am sure is some poor Paddy in trouble." We hastened our descent, and as we wound down the hill soon discovered the mourner sitting on the raised foot-path. The cause of his lamentations lay at his feet, and was nothing but — a dead pig!—not exactly a full-grown pig, but something between a "bonneen," or, as it is sometimes called, a "bonif" or "bonniveen," and an animal arrived at pigish dignity; it was a little stout, white, lumpish thing, and upon inquiry, we learned that it had been run over by a gentleman's carriage, and its poor master was wailing over it, in such true Irish fashion as to provoke smiles, if not tears.

"My little beauty you war!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands, "the last and best of the lot. Oh then, how 'ill I ever tell the 'oman that reared ye—the end you had a-vourneen!—and its yerself that was the gay little pig sure enough from first to last; nothing could damp yer spirit, or take the innocent conceat out of ye, but what takes it out of us all! May be it wasn't yerself that wasn't as bright as the morning, and kicking yer heels at the troubles of the world not two hours ago—an' to see ye now!—

for all still as he is now, my lady, I *sould* him this morning at Kingstone to a farmer at Eastsheen, and I was taking him home, thinking of the luck that come to me at the latter end, to sell my little craythur comfortable, and get a month's work at that same farm house, where I'd have the satisfaction to see him stiffen, and broaden out into rale bacon, as he would in less than no time, only for the gentleman's carriage that *rouled* over him, and he divartin himself—the innocent bouchal! in the heart of the road, wid that ould hard turnip—bad luck to the hunger!—sure it makes man and mortial forget everything else! And the *fine tail of the quality* that was stuck up behind the carriage that murdered my bonaveen, turned too and abused me, for not keeping my dirty Irish pig to myself; that's the restitution I got for the life of my poor darlint of the world!—Be dad! its sorely I wanted to keep him to myself, if I'd been let, that's what I *did* want—sure enough!"—the poor fellow paused for want of breath to continue, for he poured forth his eloquence without a single pause. I said a few words in the hope of affording him consolation, but they only served to give fresh vigour to his grief. "It's all very true, ma'am, and mighty kind of you to care for my trouble, which is sore enough to a poor man who left his own country to turn the penny into silver, and finds that he 's worse off at the end than he was in the beginning, for the loss of one destroys the profit of the whole, and though it 's a foolish thing to say, my mind warmed to the poor little baste; it was like having one of my own children with me, trotting and grunting, and sporting, and bothering my heart out;

and I could talk Irish to it, and it was surprising how it would understand me: and if I'd followed the 'ooman's advice, its not lying dead on the hard English road he'd be now, but at home. 'Leave him with me,' she says, 'till he grows hardy,' she says; 'he 's not knowledgeable for travelling yet,' she says, 'but he will be in another year;' that was true for her, but I would have my own way: I said I'd take him for company to carry under my arm, for some I brought over war strangers you understand, for the neighbours, and I thought I'd like to have him, just with myself—but he'l never see another year; and how I'll face the 'ooman I don't know!"—this last idea silenced the poor fellow again: and then he muttered, "I don't know what I shall say to her at all at all! for though I could turn a thing off to another, *she* was always too sharp for me, and she'l say it was my fault, and maybe fancy I was *overtaken* and broke the pledge, which all above know I never did, nor never will, plaze the Almighty!"

We enquired if he knew to whom the carriage belonged. "Enagh, no!" he replied, shaking his head, while he mournfully stroked down the pigs ears, and brushed off the dust from its skin. "Enagh, no!—sure carriages here are as thick as blackberries, as swift as the swallows, and as heavy as a priest's curse: sorra a farthing I'll ever get for restitution of my poor animal that I was depending on entirely towards the latter end; small count the rich takes of the poor, and if they do think of them, sure I'm only an Irishman, and the pig 's only a pig; and it 's the way of the country to run down both, though they uses the one, and lives on the other;—I'm nothing but an

Irish man!" and while he spoke, there was bitterness on his lip, and a defiance in his eye, at open rebellion with his words. "I'm nothing but an Irishman; sure the—the—mighty great grand gentleman behind the carriage, with more finery on his back than brains in his head, or feeling in his heart, *tould* me so, and the likes of them are nothing but the *aechoes* of their employers—I'm nothing but an Irishman!" he covered his face with his hands and wept outright; the insult he had received sank as deeply, perhaps more deeply, than the loss of his pig. We were so occupied by the poor man's grief that we did not observe the eager steps with which two fine boys came bounding up the hill.

"Mamma says," exclaimed the elder, "she is very sorry that we ran over your pig, and she desired me to give you that sovereign for your loss, and to tell you that she reproved the servant for speaking unkindly to you!"

It would be impossible to describe the torrent of emotions that agitated the poor fellow's rugged face; softening every rigid line, while expressing the deepest gratitude, he looked at the bright gold shining in his rough palm, then at the beautiful boys, and finished by dropping on his knees.

"I ax her honour's pardon, and God's pardon, for doing her ladyship injustice; it 's what we're always doing each other, and more shame for us. May she, I pray the Almighty, never know what an heart-ache is. Sure it isn't for me not to be proud of the shining *goold*, but I'm far prouder that she did not let the hard word go against the poor Irishman,—*sure the kind voice has*

more music in it than the ringing of goold; and oh, dears! if ye'd just ax her honour to come over for a while to ould Ireland and tache them *there* to make restitution to the poor, there's not as many of us would be forced to travel England bothering the likes of yez with ourselves, and our pigs. And oh! darlint," he continued, apostrophizing his dead favourite, "sure I'm right after all, and the 'ooman wrong, and maybe I'll not tell her so; sure I might know you'd bring luck at last, and you *the ninth pig of the litter!*"

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

The heat of day is passed, and summer's eve
With zephyr wing has fanned the glowing earth;
The perfumed air is filled with song of birds,
And music of the streams, the hum of bees,
The shepherd's pipe, and lowing of the kine:
So let us leave the dull and dusty town,
And bend our steps across the cowslip field,
Where at the bottom runs a little brook,
Watering the garden of our childhood's school.

* * * * * * * *

And now we stand upon the wooden bridge —
The same old plank which, long, long years ago,
Creaked even then beneath our tiny feet,
As, pausing to take breath, we reached the gate
Just as the church-clock struck the hour of nine.
There is the house!—the casement opened wide;
And peeping through the honeysuckle leaves
Are tearful eyes,—a truant child with book
In hand—but not in heart—she cannot learn
The task, for weeping o'er her faults, which caused
Disgrace.
Come, let us seek her pardon now,
For sorrow should not stain the youthful cheek,
But may give place where penitence is seen!
There is the mistress, worn, and stern, and grey;
How beautiful she was when we were young!
Dost thou remember, when our work was o'er,
How on that rustic seat, half hidden now
By moss and ivy which we planted there,
She sang us ancient ballads of our land,—
"Lord Ullin's Daughter," or the "Gay Gold Ring?"
Or told with gentle voice sweet fairy tales
To wondering listeners, who in after years
Look back upon those recreations pure—
The one green spot amid the world's drear waste.
And she, the empress of that magic realm,
Is powerless now, her sunless stream of life

Flows on with no bright flowers on its breast;
From morn till night she bears the withering fate
Of toiling for *herself;* know ye what 'tis
To aid a parent as she feebler grows?
If so, ye can define her depth of woe
When first she gazed upon the unpressed couch,
The vacant chair,—the breakfast-table spread,
And no beloved or cherished one to share
The simple hard-earned meal.
Peace to the dead!
The mother sleeps beneath the churchyard turf,
And he who wooed and won her daughter's heart
Has gained a richer bride—a common tale,
But not less true, and not less anguish-fraught.
Hush! she observes us, and her pale lips wear
The smile of happier times; her trembling hand
Clasps mine, and as of old she welcomes me,—
I feel as if I were once more a child.

THE SECRET.

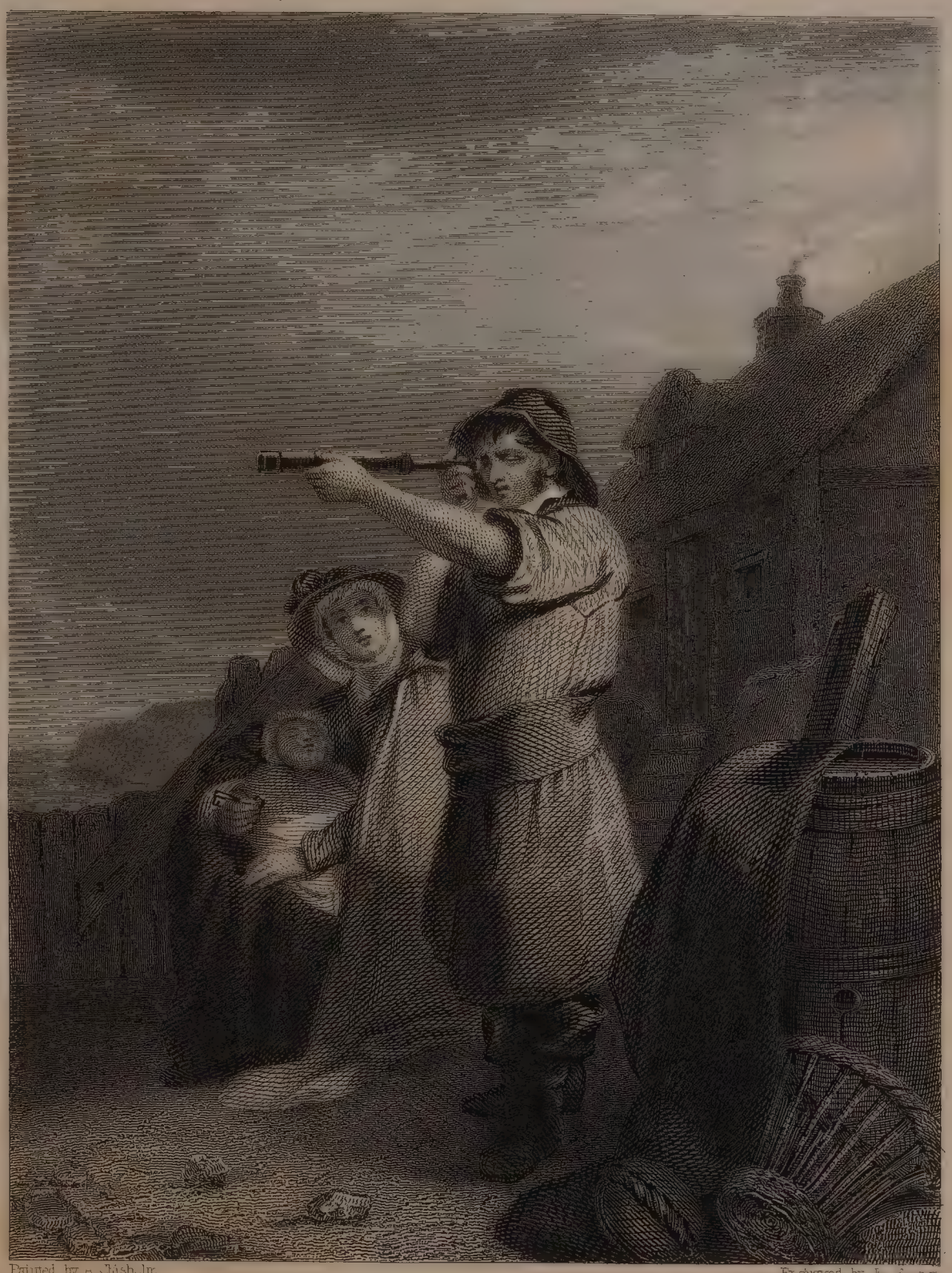
BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"Thy heart!—I would I could command
Thy heart to open on my sight.
Yet no—I'll trust those stars of blue."

BARRY CORNWALL.

PART I.—THE MARRIAGE.

To the astonishment of "the world" Sir Percy Borrowdale had remained for ten years a widower, though left such, and without children, at the age of five-and-twenty. Possessed of a princely fortune—tracing his descent through a noble ancestry for five hundred years, and himself more than commonly handsome, there is no wonder that he was looked on as an excellent "match" among the fairest and noblest in the country. His first and very early marriage had been in compliance with his father's wishes; but though the chosen bride was young and beautiful, and though on her death every mark of respect was paid to her memory, Sir Percy never affected to be inconsolable for her loss. And yet for ten years he did not wed again! Did he prefer the freedom of a single life—or could he not find one of woman-



Painted by A. Fish. In. Engraved by E. Finden

THE LOOK-OUT.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill.

kind to reach the standard of his fastidious taste? At last, when that bundle of units denominated "the world" was fairly at its wits' end to account for his apathy, Sir Percy astonished it yet more by unexpectedly taking a wife to Castle Borrowdale! There had not been even a hint, in the Morning Post, of his intention conveyed by initials and asterisks. All that appeared one morning was the simple announcement of his nuptials with "Alice, only child of the late Reverend Francis Willoughby;" and the startled "world" knew not at first in which direction to seek for the further information of who and what she was. After a few persevering inquiries, however, people discovered that Lady Borrowdale, though quite portionless, belonged to an old and respectable family, and indeed was once considered heiress to a large property, which had been diverted into another channel, in consequence of her father being unable to produce some necessary documents.

After the first shock was over, the busy world began to talk of the disparity of their age, (adding a few years to the baronet's and deducting somewhat from his lady's — for Alice Willoughby was really two-and-twenty when she married,) and then by degrees to hint at a sacrifice made for station and splendour. Sir Percy was *very* reserved — probably morose and ill-tempered at home,—so people said; and they now remembered, that it had been whispered his first marriage was an unhappy one: no doubt there were faults on both sides; but they dared say the first Lady Borrowdale had had a great deal to put up with. So much for the acidity of the grapes; and though, really, according

to this account, Alice was rather to be pitied than otherwise, still the five hundred dear friends who laid claim to a place on her visiting list, by a strange contradiction, began weighing *her* claims to the honour of Sir Percy's hand, as carefully as if he had been a modern Crichton created and perfected for a pattern, and a prize unique. Humanity is made up of strange opposites we know, but according to "the world's" account, this must have been peculiarly the case in the instance of Lady Borrowdale; for every good quality seemed to be attended by the "jailor, *but yet*," ever ready to "usher in some monstrous malefactor." Her figure was beautiful certainly, but — she wanted another inch in height; her hand was the most perfect in the world, but — of course she knew it, and wore "that emerald ring" to set it off; her complexion was very fine, but — not of the kind which lasts; she was considered handsome certainly, but—it is not every one who admires blue eyes and dark hair. Sweet Alice! the wild flower transplanted to the hot-bed of fashionable life,—little did she dream of the narrow scrutiny to which she had been subject during her first London season, when, towards its close, Sir Percy and his lady withdrew to the comparative retirement of Castle Borrowdale.

The castle was situated in one of the most beautiful of our southern counties, and within half a mile of the coast. The spot had been chosen by an ancestor of the Borrowdales, a distinguished naval officer in the reign of Elizabeth, and the building, which had belonged to some other family, was altered and enlarged by him in the quaint fashion of the period. It

would seem that a love of the glorious ocean — its thronging associations and heart-stirring poetry, — had ever since distinguished the family. Many of its members had chosen the navy as a profession, and the castle, whose terraces sloped down to the sea had for ages been a favourite residence. What a change for the clergyman's daughter,—from the country vicarage overgrown with roses and honeysuckle; to be mistress of the stately castle!

The marriage of Alice Willoughby had been sudden; for though known to her by name since childhood, she met Sir Percy for the first time but two months before she became his bride. Her love was built upon the strong foundation of respect and just appreciation of her husband's high qualities; while every additional mark of tenderness on his part called forth the latent warmth of her own feelings. But it is quite true that Sir Percy was a reserved man; his attainments too were of a high order; and though when first attracted to Alice he had felt, by a sort of intuition, that her feminine yet enlarged mind was precisely the one to receive and mirror his own purest and loftiest aspirations, *she* was not equally conscious of the depth of her own character. The natural consequence of this ignorance was, that a slight feeling of awe mingled with her true affection —like a serpent among flowers—and many a thought which her heart longed to shadow forth in words, she repelled from the undefined dread that her simple fancies must to him seem foolish.

Yet very rapidly was this barrier — icy though trifling—melting away; and even a few days of retirement at the castle after

their London gaiety, did wonders towards effecting a change. Lady Borrowdale was gratified—at first almost astonished — that in their long rides and rambles Sir Percy would listen to her observations on the scenes they visited with interest and attention: thus emboldened she often grew eloquent till she blushed as she recognized the joy and admiration which sparkled in her husband's countenance. Graver subjects too were sometimes discussed; and though Sir Percy smiled to discover how often the simple acuteness of her own mind arrived at the conclusions of philosophers, it was not the fool's smile at woman's wit, but one of pure rejoicing that he had indeed found "a help meet for him." Yes, the shadowy barrier was quickly melting, and they were already the happiest of the happy.

Lady Borrowdale was passionately fond of art, and indeed somewhat skilled in using the pencil herself; no wonder then that a favourite haunt of hers was the picture gallery of the castle. One morning she was sauntering there while Sir Percy read his letters, preparatory to their proposed stroll on the beach, when he surprised her in a deep reverie before the portrait of his first wife. The painting was by Lawrence, and sufficiently beautiful to have arrested the gaze of one less enthusiastic than Alice; but so entranced was she that she did not hear Sir Percy's approaching footsteps, and was only aroused by his passing an arm round her waist, and saying, as he drew her affectionately towards him, "Why is my Alice so absorbed?"

She looked into his face with a smile full of truth and confidence, as she replied, "I was wondering if she ever were as dear — or dearer to you than I!"

"Alice, you will not be jealous of the dead, if I own to you that I once loved her — deeply — passionately; but it was reserved for you, dearest, to realize my dreams, and make me supremely happy."

"Was she unamiable?" murmured Alice.

"No. The secret of our wretchedness was, that she could not love me."

"Not love you!"

"Even so. Her heart was wholly another's; she had consented to marry me, at the earnest entreaty of her parents, and in consequence of false representations of her lover's unworthiness. But within a month of our bridal, accident discovered to her the cruel deception which had been practised, and her agony was such that further concealment, even if she attempted it, proved vain. Thenceforth we were twain, for though more than once during the last four years of her life I tried to play the wooer, I found she had no heart to give. Latterly, indeed, I suspect her reason gave way, though well she knew if half my fortune could have purchased a release for her, it should have been gained. We were both too proud to take the busy world into our confidence; but you cannot wonder that I long hesitated in making a second choice. Do you know, dearest, that I satisfied myself from your aunt, who had been your companion from childhood, that *you* had never loved, before I suffered myself to think of taking the little Wild Rose to my heart."

"Wild Rose" was one of the many pet names Sir Percy had bestowed on his bride; yet somehow or other Alice did not at

that moment exactly like the application of it. In connection with the story she had just heard, it seemed painfully to remind her of his probable reasons for taking a wife from a country parsonage, instead of seeking for one in the haunts of fashion. Feelings, too, which will by-and-bye be developed, flashed across her mind, and a tear fell upon Sir Percy's hand as she raised it to her lips, and said, in faltering accents, "You know I love you."

He did not see her face, for bonnet and veil were on in readiness for the promised walk; but he felt the tear, and chiding himself for the cause, he exclaimed, "No more of such dismal stories: I must tell you the letters I have received—there are several enclosures for 'your ladyship;' and I doubt not our invitations are accepted. We shall have the castle full of visitors next week; but let me whisper—it is too inhospitable a thought for louder expression — I almost wish these visits over, that we may again be alone. But come, you are ready for our walk."

PART II.—THE SCANDAL.

"I wonder what our young hostess can find so attractive in that miserable hut down by the shingles," was the exclamation of Lady Maria Skipton, a spinster of about thirty, and one of the party at Castle Borrowdale.

"Does she find it very attractive?" replied an 'Honourable Captain,' for whom Lady Maria was at that moment netting a purse.

"I suppose so, for to my certain knowledge this is the third morning she has spent the best part of an hour there."

"The fisherman, Grant, and his wife are in some sort protegés of Lady Borrowdale," said Mrs. Damer, the most sensible as she was the most elegant woman of the party; "the wife being no other than 'nurse Margery,' of whom I think you have more than once heard our sweet hostess speak."

"Oh!" murmured Lady Maria, *sotto voce*, though her inquiring mind was not altogether satisfied on the subject.

In one of the drawing-room windows at Castle Borrowdale was fixed a very fine telescope; and excusing herself on some slight pretence from joining the rest of the party, who were bent on riding and boating, there did Lady Maria Skipton station herself the following morning. The castle stood on so great an acclivity that the glass swept the coast for miles; but though her ladyship paid a few minutes' attention to the party in the boat, she found nothing satisfactory in witnessing their quietness, and so pointed the glass at once in the direction of the fisherman's cottage. Exemplary was her patience — pity it was not tested on a more praiseworthy occasion! Once or twice she resumed her netting; but after a few stitches always rose to continue her watch. It would seem that her expectations, whatever they might be, were at last verified, for suddenly she exclaimed to herself, "I knew there was a mystery!" Then shifting the telescope very slightly, she again peered through it with apparently increased interest.

It was evening. The glorious autumn moon shone forth in all its splendour, bathing the noble castle and its princely domains in a flood of light. The day had been sultry, and after dinner some of the ladies walked out on a beautiful terrace, on to which

Lady Borrowdale's boudoir opened. Distinctly might be heard the waves breaking on the shingles, while ocean lay gazing "with its great round eye" to heaven before them. It was an exquisite scene—one that, where there is a heart to be touched, must awake its best sensibilities. But thus spoke Lady Maria: "Now my dear Mrs. Damer, don't be poetical, for I have something most matter-of-fact to tell you. Indeed I have been watching all day for an opportunity of speaking to you, and now that Lady Borrowdale and your sister have gone down to the lawn, we can avoid meeting them for a few minutes with ease.

"I am not at all in a matter-of-fact humour," said Mrs. Damer, with a smile, "listening to the sea's rich music beneath this glorious sky."

"Well! but listen to me. Did you notice how confused Lady Borrowdale was at dinner to-day, when I pretended to think it was Captain Howard with whom she was walking on the beach this morning? He, with all a sailor's bluntness, denied having had that honour, of which I was quite aware before I spoke."

"Now you mention it," returned Mrs. Damer, "I think she did colour slightly; but what of that?"

"*I* could tell you a great deal of it," continued the spinster, "and I think I ought to do so, since, though I dare say no older than myself," (Mrs. Damer was five years her junior,) "you are the only married lady here."

"Good heavens! Lady Maria, what do you mean?"

"Listen! I saw Lady Borrowdale walking with a stranger in the garden behind the fisherman's cottage, and I am certain,

from the manner in which she raised her handkerchief to her face, that she was in tears ; there was an infant, too, brought out by the fisherman's wife, which she took in her arms and fondled."

" Most probably it was the child of her old servant," replied Mrs. Damer, " I see nothing wonderful in that."

" No such thing ; Margery Grant has no children of her own."

" At all events, it does not concern us," continued Mrs. Damer, apparently quite relieved at finding that the communication was nothing more dreadful.

" But I think it does," returned the pertinacious lady—" I have a great regard for Sir Percy," (rumour said Lady Maria had a few years before set her cap very desperately at the baronet,) " in my opinion he has made a very imprudent marriage, and I should not be a bit surprised if his parvenue wife, chit as she is, proves no better than she should be!"

" Hush ! hush !" said Mrs. Damer, " I cannot listen to such slander. Lady Borrowdale is our hostess—a gentlewoman in every thing ; and, I would stake my own character, pure in heart and conduct. Lady Maria, no more of this, we had better return to the drawing-room."

A wonderful interest Lady Maria Skipton must have taken in all the outward-bound vessels, for she really spent a large portion of her mornings at the telescope—watching the shipping, we suppose. How learnedly she talked, too, of—schooners,—brigs, —barks,—and three-deckers,—according to the various classifications of the genus " ship." Whether she received it or not,

she certainly might have earned the compliment we heard paid to a dear friend of ours by a rough old sailor on his witnessing her nautical acumen and enthusiasm, " Bless your bright eyes, you deserve to be an admiral's lady!"—a dignity, which was no doubt, in his estimation, the most enviable which could fall to the lot of womankind. Yet thrice, when all the rest of the party were absent, Lady Maria suddenly required Sir Percy's aid in the arrangement of the glass—the last time however was fatal to her future pleasure, for after using it for some time with a sort of painful interest, he took the telescope to pieces without a previous word of his intention, and actually put a lens in his pocket on the plea that there was a flaw in it!

But let us take a peep at the fisherman's cottage, and listen to a conversation of which Lady Maria with all her diligence was unable to gather the purport. Seated on a rustic bench was Lady Borrowdale, evidently in tears, while near her, in deep mourning, stood a handsome gentlemanlike man of about thirty: he had been speaking with some earnestness, when Lady Borrowdale replied, " The struggle of the last week has been almost beyond my strength, both of mind and body. Oh! George, why did I not at first make my kind generous husband your friend, instead of meeting you thus by stealth, teaching these poor people a lesson of deception, and forfeiting my own self-esteem?"

" Because, Alice, my sister! you had not courage to spurn the outcast and prodigal, when in the depth of his affliction he threw himself before you. The old leaven is in me," he continued, stamping with violence: " I will not show myself as a beggar to

your haughty husband. And I am worse than a beggar, the imputation of dishonor clings to me till I can prove my innocence."

"You forget," said Alice tenderly, and laying her hand on his arm, "that it is only your generosity to me which prevents your character being cleared immediately. Oh those foolish—foolish letters!—yet, George, you know it was a silly girlish fancy, and that I never loved him, nay that *I* was the one to break off our childish engagement."

"Fool that I was, after recovering them, to keep them!" cried the stranger; "yet greater was the folly in placing them in the iron chest. — I dare not return to open it myself — and for your sake, Alice, I will not send another. Say, would you rather delay for years, perhaps fail altogether, in the recovery of your father's rights, than suffer your husband to know—since his prejudices are so strong—of your former engagement to ——?"

"Oh! much rather."

Without another word, George Rushbrook walked a few steps to the beach, and flung a key into the ocean; then murmuring, "You will not let my little Alice want," he moved away.

PART III. — THE KEY.

"Very sudden Lady Borrowdale's illness!" exclaimed Lady Maria Skipton, a few hours after the events of the last chapter.

"I do not think so," said Mrs. Damer, "for she has been looking wretchedly ill the last four or five days."

"Do you think we ought to continue our visit?" returned Lady Maria.

"Sir Percy seems anxiously to wish it; for though distracted at Lady Borrowdale's illness, he told me he had urgent reasons for desiring that the party should not be broken up."

It was quite true that Lady Borrowdale's frame had sunk beneath the strong mental excitement she had undergone. One fainting fit followed another—medical attendants were called in, and Sir Percy hung over his idolized Alice, in a state of mind bordering on distraction; for many were the wild and crowding ears which increased his agony. Towards evening she grew more composed, and fell into a light slumber, Sir Percy alone keeping watch beside her. Many broken exclamations of affection escaped her; and when he took her hand in his, though still without disturbing her, she grasped it warmly. When she did awake she looked up fondly as she said,

"Have I been talking, Percy—and what about?"

"Nothing, dearest, but that which made me happy to hear."

"Oh, but I have a secret—I must tell you—even though you should not forgive me—and yet it is not my fault—I did not deceive you. Yes, I can tell you now that we are again alone—now those people are gone."

"No one is gone, Alice."

"No! then I dreamed they were; but I will tell you—now at once—give me your hand, feel how my heart beats."

"You must have rest and quiet, you must not speak, dearest.

Your husband *has faith in you*, and believes that you have nothing to tell him which he can blush to hear."

"Bless you for your faith!" and she turned on her pillow and was silent—though now she was relieved by tears.

It was the following morning. The invalid had been removed to her boudoir, and reclined on a couch; Sir Percy was seated by her side, his hand again in hers.

"You remember my telling you of my half-brother," said Lady Borrowdale, "and relating to you that I had not seen him for three years; although I had heard of his marriage with one far beneath him in station?"

"Perfectly."

"His was always a complicated character, wild and impetuous in action, constant but in one thing,—his affection to me. He was brought up to the law, and long ago became convinced that the certificates requisite to establish my father's claim to the estate of S—— were to be obtained. He devoted, I know, much time to the investigation of our claims, but only within this week have I heard how successful he has been."

"Then it was your brother with whom I saw you yesterday?" interrupted Sir Percy.

"You saw me! and did not scorn me!"

"Alice, I had faith—though, that you should have a secret pained me."

"But George, from a choice of unworthy associates, has become charged with a share in a nefarious money transaction now occupying the attention of the public, though he assures me—and oh!

I know that whatever his faults, he is not dishonourable—that documents in which he repudiates his partner's intentions, are in the same iron chest which contains the certificates. But he dares not show himself in London till proofs are established; and he was on his way to France, intending thence to send a confidential agent with his keys, when the accident of the nurse who attended his motherless child refusing to accompany him further, brought to mind the fact that our old servant Margery was settled in the neighbourhood. He placed his infant in her hands with confidence, intrusting a message to me, for he was too proud to present himself at the castle in poverty and disgrace. It was by accident we met at the cottage, and—and—if it had been a fortnight ago, when we were alone—or before you told me the story of the first Lady Borrowdale—indeed Percy I could never have kept the secret; but—oh! I have more, much more!"

At that moment there was a tap at the door. A servant entered: "My Lady—dame Margery Grant begs to be admitted—having something, she desires me to say, very urgent to communicate."

"Admit her," said Lady Borrowdale, casting an appealing look to her husband. "What happiness," she added, "that whether good or evil, her tidings may be delivered in your presence!"

Margery's handsome face sparkled with joyful astonishment, as Lady Borrowdale bade her say everything she had to say in the presence of Sir Percy.

"Dear Miss Alice — I mean 'my lady,'" said the affectionate

creature, "it does my heart good to find the secret 's out, whatever it was about. Of course, as I said to my good man, it was our bounden duty to keep it safe—and being two of us, you see, to talk about it together, it wasn't so difficult — as it was your ladyship's wish, and poor Mr. George—though he was before my service in the family—was in trouble of some kind or another—and the dear baby took to me so from the first —"

But the anxious Alice interrupted Margery by exclaiming, "My brother! — has he heard of my illness — did he send you?"

"Alas! Miss — my lady, we have not seen him this morning. He must have left the cottage at a very early hour, nor somehow, from what he said last night, do I think he will return. My good man fancies he must have been taken up by one of the foreign steamers which he made out with his glass. But what I made bold to come up to the castle about was the key — I am sure it is the identical one he threw into the water yesterday, and behold, by the wisdom of Providence, the tide last night left it within five yards of the cottage! I was sure, my lady, you valued the key — so here it is."

"And now, dearest, what are we to do with this mysterious key," said Sir Percy, when once more they were alone, "shall it be sealed up until you hear some account of your brother?"

"No!" said Lady Borrowdale, half rising from her couch, as if with her firm resolution she had recovered health and strength. "No, *you* alone have the right to open that chest, for there are papers in it which concern *me*. All I ask—and I would sue for your compliance on my knees — is that I may be by your side.

It must be immediately, for I can know no peace till it is over — why not to-night — by rail-road — for the chest is imbedded in the well — a secret panel — and we must go to it?"

"Good heavens, Alice!" exclaimed Sir Percy, trembling and turning pale with emotion, "there must be some dreadful mystery—do I guess the fearful riddle?—my fatal doom!—you have loved before — and there are letters!" —

"No — no — not loved — believe me, never!—never," cried Alice, sinking on her knees, and twining her arms round her husband. "I was engaged to one who was unworthy — but I awoke from the delusion — I was the one to break off our intercourse — your wife was not cast off by another! — Hear me! — look at me! or I shall lose my reason," continued Lady Borrowdale, while she succeeded in removing Sir Percy's hands from the death-like countenance which he had buried in them. "Hear me, even at this moment of agony, offer up thanksgiving that I am your wife — that I dare and can tell, and prove to you, how wholly I am yours. Had you questioned me before our marriage, I should have told you the truth; but I could not have urged it passionately as I do now. I should have lost you! Percy!—Percy, hear me—answer me, one word of love—of the *faith* you had in me yesterday!"

And it was spoken from the heart at last! But who shall tell how fierce that momentary struggle had been between love and reason on one side as they encountered an opinion, hardened by fifteen years of prejudice into a master sentiment!

"At least you will read the letter in which I broke off the

engagement," murmured Alice, as her head leaned on Sir Percy's shoulder.

"Nay, nay, dearest, let them all be burnt and forgotten."

"But if I ask it—if I wish it—it was for this I desired to be with you—that you might read *that* first. But think, if your little Alice comes into five thousand a-year, though dearly has it been purchased—what shall you do with it?"

"Settle your wild brother, who seems hitherto to have been the foot-ball of fortune. And whether or not we must take care of your little namesake!"

"And our visitors," returned Lady Borrowdale,—"surely some of them were to have left us to-day."

"I besought Lady Maria to remain till the end of the week. I would not have had her leave while *we were twain.*"

"But we are ONE now and for ever!"

A year passed away, working its mighty changes! *Once* again Lady Maria Skipton was a guest at Castle Borrowdale, and with one or two additions the party was the same as before.

"I think Lady Borrowdale has grown very haughty," said Lady Maria, "since she came into her own fortune."

"I do not fancy that has had anything to do with the change," replied Mrs. Damer.

"No! what then?"

"I think she is a little more dignified, from being more conscious of her own just position in society."

"Yet Sir Percy is much less reserved, I think."

"Just as it ought to be," returned Mrs. Damer; "she has ascended—he has descended a step or two; so now they stand upon a level."

"A gentleman-like person her brother!"

"Very."

"Fortunate in obtaining so fine a situation under government."

"Very."

"What a romantic affair that was last year, about Lady Borrowdale meeting him and arranging all about the recovery of her property before Sir Percy knew a word of the affair."

"Was that the case?" said Mrs. Damer.

"Oh, yes! my maid heard it from one, whose cousin's wife's sister was a fellow-servant for three years with Margery Grant."

Fortunate it is, that the Lady Marias of the world sometimes beat out a grain of truth to a good instead of an evil purpose!

THE POET'S SONG.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Humble, oh! humble, is my love:
May this thy dear compassion move;
I only ask to live and die
In mine unchanged idolatry!

Deign not to give one glance, one thought;
But deign to take, what I have brought,—
My soul itself!—with all its store
Of feelings, deepening more and more;

All, all that idolizing zeal
A poet's heart alone can feel:
Deign, dearest, but to let *mine* give;
I ask *thine* only, to receive!

My soul *was* haughtiest of the high!—
But Pride at love's deep touch must die;
That pride is made, when near to *thee*,
Lowlier than all humility!

Look not on me!—but let *me* raise
To *thee* my dazzled, tearful gaze:

Oh, scorn me, hate me, what ye will;
Let *me* but weep and worship still;

My love is humble!—wouldst thou save,
But let me bend, thy lowliest slave,—
But let me live, and let me die,
In mine intense idolatry!

Thy Looks are all my Masters now;
My fate is written on thy brow,
I am a slave to every word,
Each breath, that leaves those lips adored.

Ah! not for empires would I give
The bliss for thee to die, and live,
The lowliest of all slaves that e'er
Breathed fond Subjection's trembling air!

Yes!—I *was* proudest of the proud!
This haughty heart seems changed and bowed;
My Pride is made, when near to *thee*,
Humbler than all Humility!—

Then, all that worship and that zeal
A Poet's heart *alone* can feel,—
Deign, dearest! but to let *me* give!
I ask *thee* only to receive!

Painted by E. C. Wood.

Engraved by S. Bellin

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THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

"St. Keyne, saith the Chronicle, many a time
Drank of this Crystal Well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the waters a spell:—
If the husband at this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life."

WILL not throw the sceptre down now that its power
I know,
For who that once had reigned a queen would to a
subject bow?
Must he to whom my smile was law his freedom hold again,
And woman's will and woman's wit henceforth be all in vain?
Not till within our favoured West one crystal well is dry!
Save me the dire disgrace, St. Keyne, of blessed memory!
And if I fail to gain the gift thou hast bequeathed the wave,
Let woman's will make woman's wit henceforth a willing
slave."
So spake fair Margaret. Triumph gleamed upon her smiling
face;
The holy well is at her feet, and curbs her hurried pace;

She fills with care the crystal flask, and seeks the charm to hide
Amid the drapery's graceful fold that decks her for a bride:
Stay, maiden! bend above the wave thy pure and joyous brow,
And tell me, saw'st thou aught so fair as that which greets thee now?
Go, vainly seek Cornubia through, from saint or fabled elf,
A mightier spell than that which there reflects thy lovely self!

Oh, who could doubt the gentle power thy feeble hand may try
In thy new home, the ruling star to guide man's destiny,
And there, by soft affection's chain, bind tyrants to thy sway,
Until they learn the lore they teach, "to honour and obey!"
Though time may rob thy cheek of bloom, thy blue eye of its light,
Still smiles upon life's turbid stream shall make them seem as bright;
Thy low sweet voice, thy kindly smile—these shall the loved one greet,
And these the weapons that shall bind the captive at thy feet.

The little symbol ring at last has clasped her fairy finger,
And now within the rustic porch the bridal party linger,
And many a wistful glance is cast towards the willow tree;
An arch smile played on Margaret's lip,—the bridegroom, where is he?
He kneels beside th' enchanted well; "Go drink the stream in vain,"
She murmurs, "despot! own my sway; a sovereign still I reign:

Oh, woman's wit more swiftly speeds than lover's step can fly!"
Then pointing to the empty flask, she claims the mastery.

Nor is, they say, that crystal well a legendary dream,
For such there be of virtue rare beyond the Tamar's stream;
And man who boldly boasts his power, knows not how soon
'tis o'er,
But hastes to drink of freedom's draught—some Margaret drank
before!
And when he thinks, most proud and free, he has dominion shown,
He dreams not who has stolen the spell and made the charm
her own:
Yea, kingdoms fall and tottering thrones are from their stations
hurled,
But woman's wit and woman's will supreme still rule the world.*

* Les femmes peuvent tout parceque elles gouvernent ceux qui gouvernent tout.

MEMORIES OF "THE SECOND SIGHT."

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D., AUTHOR OF "TITIAN."

THE wanderer through a gay parterre, — rich with a thousand beautiful flowers, indigenous to foreign climes, and only naturalized in this by the exercise of skill and the outlay of expense,—delights to see some homely, simple plant, such as the little daisy or the pale primrose, which charms him amid the brilliant array; and does so charm because of that very homeliness and simplicity. Let us consider the ornate and splendid volume for which I write—rich with its fanciful Song and its picturesque Story—as somewhat resembling the garden; imagine the reader to be the wanderer through its beauties, and hope that if I bring a blossom or two of Fact before him, amid all the brilliant Fiction he may there encounter, he will not reject the offering, which in its own place would be unheeded, but view it with somewhat of favour on account of its very homeliness. With this supposition — as much an apology as a preface — I venture to relate a few modern instances of that Second-sight which is a superstition

not only apparently peculiar to the Scottish Highlanders, but limited to a few families there.

A few years ago, in the Scottish Highlands, the chapter of accidents threw me into chance companionship with a gentleman, in whose society a wet evening passed on, pleasantly and rapidly, with conversation upon almost every subject, and, at length, naturally turned to "the Second-sight," which even yet is claimed for a few Scottish families—those of indisputable Celtic descent. It was not until he saw that I possessed some hereditary respect for the superstition in question, that I could get my companion to discuss it with the freedom which had characterized our previous discourse upon other topics.

"In my own family," said he, "'the Second-sight' has been held from time immemorial. In other Scottish families—that is, in the few which also possess this prophetic vision, the gift has descended from father to son: in ours, from a circumstance which it would be tedious to relate, it has been delivered from grandfather to grandson, there being a lapse between its exercise by the respective parties. Thus, supposing that your grandfather possessed this gift, it would not descend to you during the life of your father, though *he* would be wholly out of the line of succession. I could tell you an anecdote or two which would shew you how, in my own house, this has been the case.

"My grandfather, who resided near Culloden Moor, had taken a wife shortly before the Jacobite out-break in 1745. On the morning before the battle, he sat down to breakfast with such a grave countenance, that his bride was induced to inquire what

had happened to gloom it. He attempted to evade the enquiry which her womanly curiosity or her bridal affection made, but confessed at length, that he had seen the shadow of coming evil—that, in short, he had beheld, by anticipation, a bloody fight, and the downfall of the Chevalier's cause. I should tell you that my grandfather was an adherent of the Stuarts, and the head of our clan had forfeited an Earldom and estate, and had narrowly escaped with life, on account of his active participation in the rebellion of 1715. 'But,' he added, 'I saw also, my Isabella, that we shall this evening receive a gallant and royal leader under our roof. It can be no other than the Prince, and it behoves you to make the best preparation for him.' In Scotland, at that time, the wife's motto was to hear and to obey, and she who was thus spoken to, hastened to put her house in order and make it ready for the reception of the visioned guest. A few minutes before midnight, the tramp of cavalry was heard approaching. It came near—nearer. It paused at my grandfather's gate. A loud knocking summoned the inmates, and they received a royal leader, as had been anticipated, but *not* exactly him whom they had expected. Instead of bonny Prince Charlie, it was the burly Duke of Cumberland!"

"That," said I, "was somewhat of a disappointment?"

"It was. The Duke sat up during the greater part of the night, and snatched an hour's sleep on the bed, without taking off his clothes. He quitted the house at day-break, and asked the loan of a snuff-box, as he went away. The worst in the place, namely, a common Scotch mull, was handed him—for,

sooth to say, independent of my grandfather's sympathies being with the Stuarts, he never expected to see his box again. Two or three days after the battle, however, a soldier rode up to the house, enquired for its occupant by name, and restored him the mull 'with the Duke's compliments and thanks.' That evening, when it was accidentally opened, it was found to be filled with gold. In this manner had the Duke chosen to make his acknowledgment for the night's lodging which had been unwillingly afforded him. The box, thus honored by having been in the Duke of Cumberland's pocket during the eventful day of Culloden, was long preserved in our family, as a sort of heir-loom, and if you have the slightest curiosity, you can see it now."

In compliance with my desire, the box was produced. It was a very plain mull, without the slightest ornament except a small silver shield on the cover, and a slight rim of the same material round the top.

"I keep it," said its owner, "precisely as it was delivered to me—the only portion of my father's property that ever came into my possession on his death. Not having the smaller vices of smoking or snuffing—indeed, having as much antipathy for 'the weed' as ever King James had,—I yet keep the box, as a memorial, rather of its last than its original possessor."

"Did he see any more visions?"

"Certainly. Having made so promising a commencement in '45, he constantly exercised the faculty. The last occasion, which was exactly half a century after—for he lived to extreme old age—was one which such of his descendants as heard the

incident were not likely to forget. My father, being, like Horatio, of 'a truant disposition,' took French leave of his birth-place when he had scarcely reached his eighteenth year. The following fifteen years witnessed his wanderings through all quarters of the globe, and during all that time, most undutifully, he did not attempt to hold any communication with his family by letter. It was generally believed by his kinsmen, that he was dead; but his father declared that he *felt* to the contrary, and his mother clung to the belief with the trust which maternal feelings alone can retain—hers was that hoping against hope, which believes what it wishes rather than what circumstances might make it fear. At last, when, except by his parents, his very memory was almost forgotten, the long absent reappeared in the scenes of his youth. The manner in which he was received, as I have heard him relate it, was inexpressibly striking. The father, white with the snow, and bowed by the ailments of upwards of eighty years, had maintained most of his mental faculties unimpaired, and was cherished—amid his children and his children's children—as a venerable patriarch, a living link between the past and the present. On the thirty-third anniversary of the birth-day of the absent son—which they celebrated, rather from custom than a belief in his continued existence—the old man suddenly exclaimed, fixing his eyes intently upon the open window, 'I see the return of the absent: to-night, even to-night, his voice will sound in the house where he first drew breath!' Not a word more did he speak, but his wife, who had the fullest confidence in his 'second-sight,' decreed that preparations should be made

for the reception of a guest. The day had far declined, and no visitant appeared. The younger members of the family smiled, in scepticism, at the non-fulfilment of their grandsire's prediction. At last, when it now was almost midnight, a step was heard outside. The window had been left open, and through it, though rather an unusual mode of entrance, bounded in the robust man, bronzed with foreign travel, who had left the place when a lad. No one recognized him, except his aged parents. He bent on his knee before his father for a blessing, and the old man, laying his hands upon the head of the long absent, fervently said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Some hours were spent in questions and answers, and, rather early in the morning, the happy family retired to rest. When they arose and assembled round the breakfast-table, it was noticed that my grandfather's seat was vacant. One of his daughters went to summon him. Why need I prolong my story? She found him dead, and his wife sleeping by his side in happy unconsciousness of her loss! If ever a heart had broken with joy it was that old man's. Was I wrong in saying that there was something striking in the wanderer's return to his native hills?"

My companion did not much hesitate, at my urgent request, to relate the instances in which, in his own person, the faculty of "second sight" had been manifested. They were related with such an apparent faith in their reality,—and it should be remembered that the narrator was now drawing upon his own painful experience, in which there was scarcely chance of a mistake—that Doubt itself would be almost silenced if, even as I did, it

heard the story told so much more impressively than I can pretend to write.

"According to what is understood to be the usual custom," said he, "the faculty of which I spoke descends from grandsire to grandson, passing over the entire intermediate descendants. None of my grandfather's sons, therefore, could expect to be endowed with it, and, of his many grandsons, there appeared little chance that I — born, too, out of Scotland, and from a Saxon mother — should inherit it. Least of all, at any rate, did such an idea cross my own mind for a moment. I was in my fourteenth year, and had proceeded to spend my school-vacation with a relative in the country. My father, when I left him, was in the enjoyment of that rude health which always distinguished him, and made him, then, though in his sixtieth year, a much stronger man than many who were his juniors by ten or fifteen years. A few weeks passed pleasantly on, and all accounts from home were satisfactory. I well remember that, one morning, I happened to sit alone — if I can say I was alone, with one of Scott's novels in my hand — when, happening to raise my eyes towards the fire-place, over which was placed a large mirror, I saw my father standing by it, with his arm resting on the chimney-piece. My first impulse was to jump from my chair, throw aside my book, and hastily advance to my father. He did not stir, and his eyes, as they looked at another object, appeared dull and glassy. I had scarcely taken a second step forward, when I noticed that I could see into the mirror, *through* my father, and that he cast no shadow upon the glass. Instantly

the thought rushed into my mind that in this there was something unnatural. My advancing steps were suddenly arrested, and a horror struck through my frame. I remember nothing more, except that, late in the day, I found myself in bed, and was told by one of my cousins that I had been taken with a fit of some kind, for I had been found senseless on the floor, and that the medical gentleman who had seen me, had bled me. I could not resist the impulse, even at the risk of being laughed at, to whisper to my gentle cousin the cause of my sudden illness. On the third day after, a letter from home told me that, at the precise time I saw what I believed was my father, he had died. He had been visited by a sudden ailment, which rapidly terminated in his death. Why this should have occurred — for it *did* occur, as certainly as I am now telling it to you — I am unable to explain. I only relate a simple fact, which neither time, change, nor circumstance can obliterate from my memory."

After a silence of some duration — for there was subject for meditation in what I had heard — I ventured to ask, on what other occasion he had experienced the faculty?

"The second and only other instance occurred," said he, "about fifteen years ago, when I was in my twenty-second year. I cannot account for the impulse which has prompted me to converse, thus freely, with a stranger, upon a subject of this kind, but I feel that you do not laugh at what I tell you, and, at times, the overloaded mind is glad to have an auditor respecting the superstition—if such it be—even if he does not share its peculiar shades of speculation, to whom it may unburthen

itself without reserve. When I had reached my eighteenth year — that age when the Girl has already softly glided into the Woman, and the Boy can scarcely be said to have attained Manhood — when, in short, he yearns, most sinlessly, for the soft companionship which soothes, and softens, and refines his nature — it was my fortune to be thrown a good deal into the society of the gentle cousin I have already mentioned, who was about my own age. I need not fatigue you with a description of the lady. Beautiful she certainly was — at least so *I* thought,— but the character of her loveliness I feel that words could never correctly make known to you. But, indeed, the mere attractions of form and feature would not by themselves have charmed me. I found that my cousin had a well-informed intellect, and I have ever thought that it is the mind which makes the body beautiful. In the strange old country-house which was her dwelling-place, and with no other being of either sex of an age at all near my own, it is scarcely wonderful — to say nothing whatever of the lady's charms — if I very speedily became enamoured of her. Nor was it a trifling consolation to know that the fancy or the passion (for the true designation of the feeling is doubtful,) was as reciprocal as heart could desire. Well do I remember, even as it were yesterday, when first I dared say in words what my eyes had told long before, how dearly I loved her. And her reply — it was given, not in spoken languge, but in the low and relieving sigh which speaks, even in its silence. The blush upon the cheek, — the heaving of her bosom, — the sudden tears springing into her dark blue eyes, (like the dew trembling on

the violets,) gave me the assurance that I did not sue in vain. Even yet, though years have passed away, the memory of that first hour of mutually confessed affection is green in my heart. Well, it is some consolation, that though Hope may fly away, Memory remains to solace us, however sadly!

"It would be a bad reward for the patience with which, my dear sir, you have listened to all this egotism, to try it further by inflicting upon you an account of all the tenderness of protestation and promise which followed the mutual confession I spoke of. The truth is, we were thrown much together, when we had nothing to do but fall in love with each other, at the most susceptible period of the threescore and ten years allotted to human life, and we certainly fulfilled our destiny. Vows of eternal constancy we exchanged, of course, and wisely agreed that at a fit and future time, we should be espoused, and so—we parted. *My* lot was speedily cast in the midst of the business and bustle of the world, in which I had to win subsistence and reputation; and *hers* was destined to glide on in quiet, first in that home which to this hour is so haunted with recollections of the past, that it would be a positive pain for me to revisit it, and finally in a sequestered village in the most beautiful part of the South of France. Our correspondence gradually grew less frequent than it had been at first; for my own part, I must admit in candour, that at last, when I formed new ties, it wholly ceased.

"I remember how—for our converse was beyond our years—we had spoken together of that world beyond the grave, of which so little is known, so much idly guessed. 'I believe,' said my

cousin, who was fond of such speculations, 'that disembodied spirits may hover around those whom they loved on earth, and,' she added, with more solemnity than I fancied the occasion warranted, 'if it should be so, depend upon it that I shall first use my privilege to watch over you, and—if it be permitted—even be a visitant visible to you.' I had smiled at the promise thus made, half in sport; I dreamed not then how Truth may lurk amid the smiles of mirth.

"Many years had passed since I had last seen my cousin. The sanguine youth had changed into the man of the world, striving to gain that fame which, when gained, is unsubstantial as the gorgeous domes which fancy images in the sky on the eve of an autumnal day. I had 'olive branches round about my table.' I had taken an active and leading part in the strife of politics and the business of life. I was one of the last persons, in short, whom any one would think likely to be moved, even for a moment, by a superstitious fancy. One night, when absent from my home on a visit to a friend, I retired to bed early, and lay in that pleasant, quiet state between repose and thought. Contemplation, which had been busy, was momentarily fading, but Sleep had not yet put his seal upon the phantasies. As the clock commenced striking the midnight hour, I heard, or thought I heard, the door of my chamber slowly opened, and footsteps—they seemed a woman's by their light tread—pace stealthily along. They came near—yet nearer. They reached the side of my bed, and paused. A light dimly appeared through the curtains, as if some one cautiously held a lamp, half veiling its light so as to

allow a glance at me without dazzling me. The curtains slowly opened and—and, by heaven! for it was *not* a dream—I saw a woman's face, pale, melancholy, and indistinct, gazing into mine with intent and mournful look. Of the lineaments of that face, which yet appeared not wholly unknown to me, I could gather little precisely in the brief glance I had of them—for as I have said, they were indistinct. But the eyes—so lustrous and so sorrowful—these I could distinctly see: these were what I remembered, but knew not how, where, or what was my knowledge of them. I started from my stillness—spoke, to satisfy myself that I was not in sleep—looked around to see whether the light shining over me might not be that of the moon peering in through the casement; but it was a dark and starless night. I turned to the vision—if it were such—but as I was about speaking to it, it slowly vanished. I followed it—but in vain. As it retired, the light which mantled it grew less; but the unearthly lustre of those dark and brilliant eyes remained the latest in my view. Just as all had faded away, the clock pealed out its last stroke, and that clear sound fell on my ear like the knell for a departed soul. A shriek, too, more piercingly shrill and wildly horrible than I had ever heard before, accompanied the exit of the shadowy visitant. All, from first to last, that I have described, had happened between the first and the last stroke of the midnight hour. An age of agony was concentrated into the compass of that moment!

"When the morning came, I found my door fastened within, precisely as I had left it when I retired to rest. The circum-

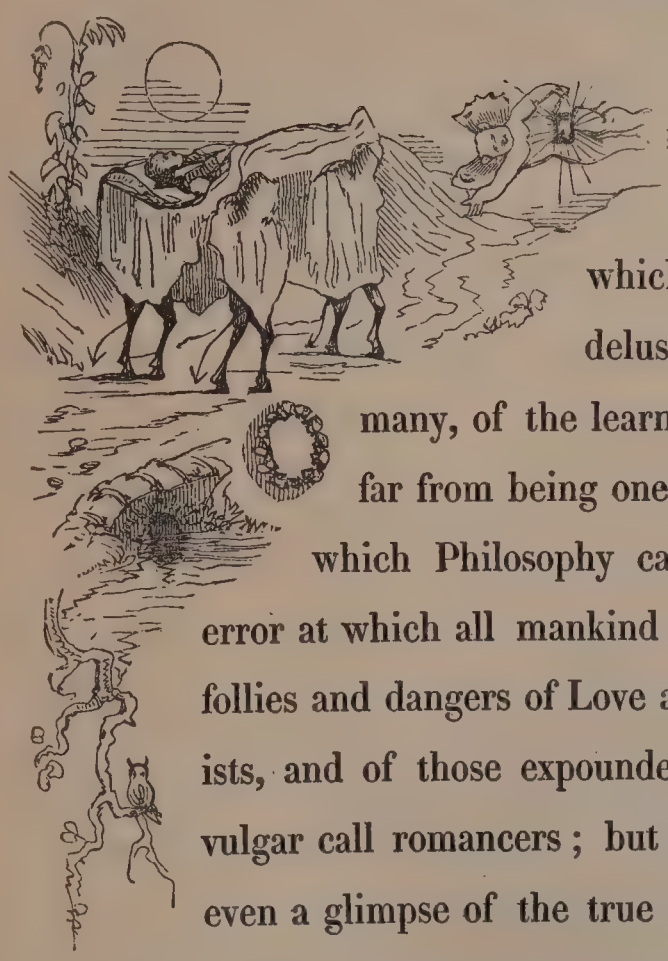
stance appeared so startling, that I made a memorandum that day, while each particular was vividly fresh in my mind, of what I had seen or imagined. Why need I longer delay the result? Within ten days I received a letter informing me that my cousin, who had long been separated from my very thoughts, had died in the foreign land where she had passed so many years. The startling coincidence was that the breath of life had departed from her on the very day and at the very hour when those dark unfathomable eyes met mine, as I have told you. She died suddenly, and by no lingering illness.—I have no more to tell."

To wonder at this strange relation, and to repeat, with Hamlet, that there were more things in earth and heaven than our philosophy had dreamed of, was only natural. I had the curiosity to enquire what the narrator really thought of the visit from the world of spirits, for it was clear that such he conceived it to be, and the answer was "I doubt not that it was *her* departing spirit which, as it hovered between dust and immortality, thus gave its latest token of remembrance to him whom it had loved in life and until death—testifying, by that last farewell, the truth of that affection which the grave alone could terminate."

IMMORAL ESSAYS.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I. ON FRIENDSHIP.



Of all popular delusions there is none so unaccountable as that which relates to Friendship. It is a delusion of the few as well as the many, of the learned as well as the ignorant; and far from being one of those superficial mistakes at which Philosophy can afford to smile, it is a fatal error at which all mankind have daily cause to weep. The follies and dangers of Love are a favorite theme of the satirists, and of those expounders of moral science whom the vulgar call romancers; but few there be who have obtained even a glimpse of the true character of Friendship. Suspicion, indeed, seems here and there to have insinuated itself into the world, like a sudden flash of light that is soon lost in the surrounding darkness. "Heaven defend me from my friends!" cried one of the advanced spirits of his age—"I can defend myself from my enemies!" But the startling heresy had only a momentary effect. The people did not know what to

make of it, and therefore set it down among the miscellanea as a jeu d'esprit, and clapped their hands and laughed; and the romancers went on as usual to describe the mischiefs of Friendship as mere exceptions to a golden rule, and the poets to paint it as the choicest boon conferred by Providence upon the human race.

The extraordinary thing is that this delusion continues to exist in spite of the daily experience of mankind. If, for instance, you see a gentleman kindly supported to the station-house between two policemen, his knees bending under him, his feet meeting at the toes instead of the heels, his hat knocked in on one side, the pockets of his nameless garment turned out, and one solitary coat tail dangling behind in disconsolate rags, as if it mourned the loss of its fellow—what is his answer to the questions of the constable of the night?

"How came you into this pickle?"

"With great pleasure — hiccup — 'When Britain first at hea—a—a—.'"

"Silence! Give some account of yourself."

"Hip—ip—ip—hurrah! Keep it up!"

"Where have you been, I say?"

"'Where have I been!' Seeing my *friends*, to be sure?"

"O, that accounts for it!"

Perhaps on this occasion the gentleman has transacted a little business, in consequence of which we find him in a few months under lock and key in a more formidable station-house. On getting out of the cab which takes him thither from the sponging-house, he falls in with a quondam companion with a week's beard, a penny cuba, and apparently the same destination.

"Glad to see you, my boy," says the latter—"what are you in for?"

"Accepting a bill for a *friend*, that's all."

"Precisely my case—a happy coincidence."

"Let us be chums then. Don't you go this way?" pointing to the Debtor's side.

"No: our position is a little different. In accepting your friend's bill, you wrote your own name, and I wrote *his*—so I am for t'other side. Good bye!"

Having taken the benefit of the insolvency act, the gentleman returns home, and on going in finds that his wife has gone off—of course with one of his *friends*. The fortunate man, however, has still a friend in reserve to whom he flies for counsel on the occasion. At an early hour the next morning he is seen crossing a field, led by this good angel; and by and bye is brought back to the nearest public house upon a shutter. His two *friends* go off for Germany in the same post-chaise; and his widow having lost her *friend*, contracts a friendship for the brandy bottle instead, which speedily introduces her into the world of spirits.

It is strange but true, that women are more indelicate in their friendship than men. A man may confide the fact to his male confidant that he loves, but if he be a man of honour he will rather submit to be torn to pieces than breathe a syllable that would compromise *her*. A woman, on the other hand, betrays every look and word of her lover to her *friend*. She speculates on the change of his feelings from sentiment into passion, exhibits his letters, and in short, does her best to make him

ridiculous and herself miserable. But this is not her fault—it is her nature. A woman is as honourable as a man, but the point of honour is different in the two sexes; and it is so because it seems to be the fate of the human race to have their happiness destroyed by *friendship*. Her confidant perhaps loves the same man herself, or her confidant's confidant, or some other link in the chain of confidence; and the result is treachery, jealousy, heart-burnings, falsehood, broken promises, and broken hearts.

Let us hear no more of the virtue of this gigantic vice, which is the cause of nine-tenths of the unhappiness of mankind. Let us paint friendship as it is, not as it ought to be, and fly no longer in the face both of reason and Scripture. Ay, of Scripture: for although desired therein to love our enemies, it would be vain to search for any command to love our FRIENDS.

II.—ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Can Love more than Friendship be considered anything else than a delusion, when the object is imaginary, however real may be the passion? It is not a creature of flesh and blood we love, but

> The angel form that always walked
> In all our dreams, and looked and talked
> Exactly like Miss Brown.

As for Miss Brown herself, it would be rank inconstancy to love her two years running, for she is not the same Miss Brown. Not a particle even of her substantial bulk remains. The lips you hung on so fondly are almost as evanescent as the flower to which you liken them. The materials of the waist you encircled last year

with such rapture are by this time diffused throughout the general composition of the universe. She is different even to the eye. She has grown fatter, and at the time you swore eternal constancy that superficial layer did not form the visible outline of Miss Brown, but existed in a thousand different animals and plants you know nothing about. The Miss Brown of your love was four feet eleven inches and a half; this one is five feet and half an inch. It is absurd, therefore, to say that it is the person of Miss Brown you love.

But it is still more absurd to talk of her mental qualities as the objects of your attachment; for these never existed at all except in your imagination. If you doubt this, marry her; convert Miss Brown into Mrs. Smith, and you will find that the moral dowry you imagined had made you so rich resembles those fairy treasures that are changed into withered leaves. This transformation, however, does not take place suddenly, or you would go mad. Day after day, month after month, unwinds some charm, till when these Egyptian folds are all cast off you arrive insensibly at the caput mortuum beneath.

But you have no right to complain of Mrs. Smith on this consummation, for the fault was yours, not hers. It was not her you loved, but yourself. The "angel form" was a portion of your own imagination; the divine qualities were part and parcel of your own idiosyncrasy. Your admiration proceeded from vanity. Your love was self-idolatry. The idea that man and wife are one is strictly philosophical, but it is a mistake to suppose that it is the ceremony of marriage which makes them so. They were one

previously, or they would not have been married at all — Miss Brown was a portion of your identity or she never would have become Mrs. Smith.

This theory explains what would otherwise be inexplicable, the ill-assorted marriages which are the subject of so much imbecile astonishment. An accomplished man commits his fate to an ignorant woman — a woman of refined sentiments entrusts her happiness to the keeping of a man of mere instinct, — and all this often without any compulsion arising from circumstances of fortune or station. The explanation is, that the accomplished man, a victim to the illusions of passion, invests his mistress with his own accomplishments, and the refined woman her lover with her own refinement, and their union takes place through mere mistake. Personal beauty, in like manner, is united to deformity — for there is no limit to the power of this enchantment, — and thus Miss Brown never finds out, till some months after the wedding, that what she had been accustomed to call the engaging cast in Mr. Smith's eye is a downright and hideous squint.

Tastes have their revolutions as well as fashions, although they may have a wider orbit. If you love your mistress for her sentiment, her moonlight walks, her passion for poetry, is it consistent with reason—nay with constancy — to continue to love her when she cries "fudge!" as often as Mr. Burchell, doats upon candle-light and cards, and reads nothing with interest but the book of fashions? If it was her downcast eyes that betrayed your heart, her exquisitely slender waist, her interesting delicacy of nerves, will you stultify yourself by loving her still when she stares you

in the face as unblushingly as an attorney, when it takes your two arms to clasp her round, when she marches through the miseries of the world like a dragoon on a battle-field?

Then are there no blissful courtships, and no fortunate marriages? A few. Let us not forget that the change described above takes place in *both* parties. If Mr. Smith still lingers in his moonlight walks with the angel form of Miss Brown, after the said Miss Brown, vulgarised into Mrs. Smith, sits down to her cards and candle-light, the union will be unhappy; but if on the contrary Mr. S. is fortunate enough to get a little twinge of rheumatism which gives him a distaste for the romance of evening, and inclines him rather to bestow his legs under the mahogany till Mrs. S. sends for him twice, you may assume with tolerable certainty that they are a happy couple. Some wedded pairs are praised for their constancy, occasioned by similarity of tastes, whereas the whole secret lies in their conformity in *change*. If these great truths were generally understood, the single would not hesitate so long as they sometimes do about giving away their hearts and hands, convinced as they would be that we can only answer for the present, and that no human foresight can penetrate the future; while the married, instead of talking nonsense about "incompatibility" would humour one another's changes of tastes and tempers, and trundle their canisters with patience if not good humour. In fine, your grand consolation is, that the object of your love was from the first an imaginary one, and you should not be so silly as to grieve for ascertaining by personal experience a philosophical truth.

III. — ON PURITY OF MIND.

Purity of mind, in the common sense of the expression, means a freedom from those ideas which we are taught to believe improper. But the act of teaching introduces them; if no teaching takes place, they must exist in our minds before we can pronounce them improper; and if they once exist they must, by our moral constitution, continue to do so as long as our senses. There is in reality no such thing as Purity of Mind in the usual acceptation of the words, and the affectation of it, which is inculcated as a duty, proves the fact.

I was once told by a young lady, who seemed in great consternation at my suspecting her of such an atrocity, that "she never read newspapers." This young lady I set down at once as an inveterate newspaper reader, and as one better acquainted with their bad than their good characteristics. But the same affectation pervades all young ladyhood together. The pretty misses of society are not satisfied with being pure in expression and conduct, — they must also be ignorant. They will not believe that they can be thought innocent if they know what guilt is. It is this ridiculous affectation which prevents women from rising beyond their present position in the social scale, partly from the mawkishness it imparts to their conversation, and partly by the contempt which is necessarily inspired by a silly and unsuccessful attempt at deceit.

The influence of women resides in their conversation. Let them make puddings and poetry by all means, although in these they are sure to be outshone in their own kitchen and their own

library; but if they wish to acquire permanent power they must converse. Let their themes, if they please, be puddings and poetry — anything in the world but business and politics. The French boast that their wives are able to enter into their feelings when they come home by talking to them, with intelligence equal to their own, of the affairs of the counting-house or the senate; and this is precisely the reason why the French are so fond of seeking elsewhere than at home the charms of female conversation. A man has quite enough of the business of life out of doors, and it would be very hard to be dosed with it anew when he retires for relaxation, wearied, and perhaps vexed, into the bosom of his family, or of polite society. If women knew their own interest, they would subscribe for the assassination of that Mr. Berkeley who wants to get them into the gallery of the House of Commons. Only let him succeed in this — only let him reproduce in our drawing-rooms the conversation of the clubs—and there will be an end of the domestication, such as it is, of the English husband.

But although the conversation of women in this country is feminine enough, Heaven knows, it will never have its full effect so long as the foolish, — and, I speak it under correction, the grossly indelicate — affectation I have mentioned continues to disgrace it. Let us see, for instance, what is the knowledge exhibited by women of that superficial anatomy which is necessary to be understood in the intercommunications of rational beings. The space from the chin to the waist, wherever fashion may have fixed the zone, is the *neck;* from the waist to the hip

it is the *stomach;* from the knee to the foot (for the intermediate part of the limb has no name) it is the *ankle*. Thus, a lady who wears a dress a little lower than fashion warrants, is said to "show too much of her neck;" one who is on her death-bed from inflammation of the lower viscera has "a dangerous pain in the stomach;" and one who descends incautiously from her carriage is suspected of doing so for the purpose of "exhibiting her finely proportioned ankle."

All this — and it is only a slight specimen — is merely laughable; but it is dangerous for women to put it in the power of men to think of them as objects of ridicule. A husband is defined to be "a gentleman who draws checques," — and this is true. The business department belongs to the man, and it is the province of the woman to administer relaxation to him after its cares—to relieve him of his checques — to enliven and enlighten his mind, and elevate his fancy.

Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind. But they are women notwithstanding. They are daughters of the common mother of the human race, and partakers in the inheritance of human nature. Let them not be ashamed of their inheritance, nor shrink from acknowledging co-heirship with their brethren. Modesty is a sacred gift peculiarly their own, and in which the coarser sex have little or no part. Let them cherish it then as the choicest boon of Heaven, and above all things refrain from making it questionable or ridiculous by Affectation.

The Canal of Sorrento.

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THE BATTLE OF MONTENOTTE.

"My patent of nobility" (said Napoleon) "dates from the Battle of Montenotte."

I.

Slow lifts the night her starry host
Above the mountain chain
That guards the grey Ligurian coast,
And lights the Lombard plain ;
That plain, that softening on the sight
Lies blue beneath the balm of night,
With lapse of rivers lulled, that glide
In lustre broad of living tide,
Or pause for hours of peace beside
The shores they double, and divide,
To feed with Heaven's reverted hue
The clustered vine's expanding blue :
With crystal flow, for evermore,
They lave a blood-polluted shore ;
Ah ! not the snows, whose wreaths renew
Their radiant depth with stainless dew,
Can bid their banks be pure, or bless
The guilty land with holiness.

II.

In stormy waves, whose wrath can reach
The rocks that back the topmost beach,
The midnight sea falls wild and deep
Around Savona's marble steep,
And Voltri's crescent bay.
What fiery lines are these, that flash
Where fierce the breakers curl and crash,
And fastest flies the spray?
No moon has risen to mark the night,
Nor such the flakes of phosphor light
That wake along the southern wave,
By Baiæ's cliff and Capri's cave,
Until the dawn of day:
The phosphor flame is soft and green
Beneath the hollow surges seen;
But these are dyed with dusky red
Far on the fitful surface shed;
And evermore, their glance between,
The mountain gust is deeply stirred
With low vibration, felt, and heard,
Which winds and leaves confuse, in vain,
It gathers through their maze again,
Redoubling round the rocks it smote,
Till falls in fear the night-bird's note,
And every sound beside is still,
But plash of torrent from the hill,

And murmur by the branches made
That bend above its bright cascade.

III.

Hark, hark! the hollow Apennine
Laughs in his heart afar;
Through all his vales he drinks like wine
The deepening draught of war;
For not with doubtful burst, or slow,
That thunder shakes his breathless snow,
But ceaseless rends, with rattling stroke,
The veils of white volcano-smoke
That o'er Legino's ridges rest,
And writhe in Merla's vale:
There lifts the Frank his triple crest,
Crowned with its plumage pale,
Though, clogged and dyed with stains of death,
It scarce obeys the tempest's breath,
And darker still, and deadlier press
The war-clouds on its weariness.
Far by the bright Bormida's banks
The Austrian cheers his chosen ranks,
In ponderous waves, that, where they check,
Rise o'er their own tumultuous wreck,
Recoiling — crashing — gathering still
In rage around that Island hill,
Where stand the moveless Few —

Few — fewer as the moments flit ;
Though shaft and shell their columns split
As morning melts the dew,
Though narrower yet their guarding grows,
And hot the heaps of carnage close,
In death's faint shade and fiery shock,
They stand, one ridge of living rock,
Which steel may rend, and wave may wear,
And bolt may crush, and blast may tear,
But none can strike from its abiding.
The flood, the flash, the steel, may bear
Perchance destruction — not despair,
And death — but not dividing.
What matter ? while their ground they keep,
Though here a column — there an heap —
Though these in wrath — and those in sleep,
If all are *there*.

IV.

Charge, D'Argenteau ! Fast flies the night,
The snows look wan with inward light :
Charge, D'Argenteau ! Thy kingdom's power
Wins not again this hope, nor hour :
The force — the fate of France is thrown
Behind those feeble shields,
That ridge of death-defended stone
Were worth a thousand fields !

In vain — in vain! Thy broad array
Breaks on their front of spears like spray:
Thine hour hath struck — the dawning red
Is o'er thy wavering standards shed;
A darker dye their folds shall take
Before its utmost beams can break.

v.

Out of its Eastern fountains
The river of day is drawn,
And the shadows of the mountains
March downward from the dawn, —
The shadows of the ancient hills,
Shortening as they go,
Down beside the dancing rills
Wearily and slow.
The morning wind the mead hath kissed;
It leads in narrow lines
The shadows of the silver mist,
To pause among the pines.
But where the sun is calm and hot,
And where the wind hath peace,
There is a shade that pauseth not,
And a sound that doth not cease.
The shade is like a sable river
Broken with sparkles bright;
The sound is like dead leaves that shiver
In the decay of night.

VI.

Together came with pulse-like beat
The darkness, and the tread ;
A motion calm — a murmur sweet,
Yet deathful both, and dread ;
Poised on the hill, a fringèd shroud,
It wavered like the sea,
Then clove itself, as doth a cloud,
In sable columns three.
They fired no shot, — they gave no sign, —
They blew no battle peal,
But down they came, in deadly line,
Like whirling bars of steel.
As fades the forest from its place,
Beneath the lava flood,
The Austrian host, before their face,
Was melted into blood :
They moved, as moves the solemn night,
With lulling, and release,
Before them, all was fear and flight,
Behind them, all was peace :
Before them flashed the roaring glen
With bayonet and brand ;
Behind them lay the wrecks of men,
Like sea-weed on the sand.

VII.

But still, along the cumbered heath,
A vision strange and fair
Did fill the eyes that failed in death,
And darkened in despair;
Where blazed the battle wild and hot
A youth, deep-eyed, and pale,
Did move amidst the storm of shot,
As the fire of God through hail.
He moved, serene as spirits are,
And dying eyes might see
Above his head a crimson star
Burning continually.

* * * * * * *

VIII.

With bended head, and breathless tread
The traveller tracks that silent shore,
Oppressed with thoughts that seek the dead,
And visions that restore;
Or lightly trims his pausing bark,
Where lies the ocean lulled and dark
Beneath the marble mounds that stay
The strength of many a bending bay,
And lace with silver lines the flow
Of tideless waters to and fro,
As drifts the breeze, or dies,

That scarce recalls its lightness, left
In many a purple-curtained cleft,
Whence to the softly lighted skies
Low flowers lift up their dark blue eyes,
To bring by fits the deep perfume
Alternate, as the bending bloom
Diffuses or denies.
Above, the slopes of mountain shine,
Where glows the citron, glides the vine,
And breathes the myrtle wildly bright,
And aloes lift their lamps of light,
And ceaseless sunbeams clothe the calm
Of orbèd pine and vaulted palm,
Dark trees, that sacred order keep,
And rise in temples o'er the steep —
Eternal shrines, whose columned shade
Though winds may shake, and frosts may fade,
And dateless years subdue,
Is softly builded, ever new,
By angel hands, and wears the dread
And stillness of a sacred place,
A sadness of celestial grace,
A shadow, God-inhabited.

IX.

And all is peace, around, above,
The air all balm — the light all love,

Enduring love, that burns and broods
Serenely o'er these solitudes,
Or pours at intervals a part
Of Heaven upon the wanderer's heart,
Whose subject soul and quiet thought
Are open to be touched, or taught,
By mute address of bud and beam
Of purple peak and silver stream,—
By sounds that fall at nature's choice,
And things, whose being is their voice,
Innumerable tongues that teach
The will and ways of God to men,
In waves that beat the lonely beach,
And winds that haunt the homeless glen,
Where they, who ruled the rushing deep,
The restless and the brave,
Have left along their native steep
The ruin, and the grave.

X.

And he, who gazes while the day
Departs along the boundless bay,
May find against its fading streak
The shadow of a single peak,
Seen only when the surges smile,
And all the heaven is clear,
That sad and solitary isle,*

* Elba.

Where, captive, from his red career,
He sank — who shook the hemisphere;
Then, turning from the hollow sea,
May trace, across the crimsoned height
That saw his earliest victory,
The purple rainbow's resting light,
And the last lines of storms that fade
Within the peaceful evening-shade.

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxford.

NOTES.

Stanza 3.—Line 9.

That o'er Legino's ridges rest.

The Austrian centre, 10,000 strong, had been advanced to Montenotte in order, if possible, to cut asunder the French force which was following the route of the Corniche. It encountered at Montenotte only Colonel Rampon, at the head of 1,200 men, who, retiring to the redoubt of Monte Legino, defended it against the repeated attacks of the Austrians until nightfall—making his soldiers swear to conquer or die. The Austrian General Roccavina was severely wounded, and his successor, D'Argenteau, refused to continue the attack. Napoleon was lying at Savona, but set out after sunset with the divisions of Massena and Serrurier, and occupied the heights of Montenotte. At day-break the Imperialists found themselves surrounded on all sides, and were totally defeated, with the loss of two thousand prisoners, and above one thousand killed and wounded.

This victory, the first gained by Napoleon, was the foundation of the success of

the Italian campaign. Had Colonel Rampon been compelled to retire from Monte Legino, the fate of the world would probably have been changed. — *Vide* Alison, ch. 20.

Stanza 7.—Line 6.

Where lies the ocean lulled and dark.

The view given in the engraving, though not near the scene of the battle, is very characteristic of the general features of the coast. The ruins in the centre are the Chateau de Cornolet, near Mentoni; the sharp dark promontory running out beyond, to the left, is the Capo St. Martin; that beyond it is the promontory of Monaco. Behind the hills, on the right, lies the Bay of Nice and the point of Antibes. The dark hills in the extreme distance rise immediately above Frejus. Among them winds the magnificent pass de L'Esterelle, which, for richness of southern forest scenery, and for general grace of mountain outline, surpasses any thing on the Corniche itself.

Stanza 9.—Line 7.

That solitary isle.

Elba is said to be visible from most of the elevated points of this coast. From the citadel of Genoa I have seen what was asserted to be Elba. I believe it to have been Corsica.

THE BONKAH (OR EXQUISITE) OF DELHI.

BY CAPT. BELLEW, AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF A GRIFFIN," &C.

The exquisite, beau, or dandy, is peculiar to no country, but belongs alike probably to all whose inhabitants are in a certain stage of mental and social advancement,—the semi-civilized; with that state in most of its shades and gradations, he continues to exist, till a further decided step towards truthfulness and rationality consigns him to those historical catacombs where quietly repose the inquisitor, the witch-finder, the alchymist, the astrologer, the mere warrior who loves fighting for fighting's sake, with many others that could be named—the "cankers and excrescences of a distempered world," who, it is to be hoped, may

never "burst their cerements," however much the admirers of some of them may desire it: that they ever will "play their fantastic tricks" again on the stage of the world, there is no reason to fear, unless, as some imagine, man's history is but an oft-recurring series of nearly similar events, — a tale re-told,— a drunken medley oft encored; that wisdom itself grows old, and dies; that ruin and renovation are the order of things, and that through folly, ignorance, and crime, man has again and again to work his way to the same point of experience through ages of darkness and trouble.

Outré attire, an air of refined and sometimes of reckless dissipation, an affectation of elegant nonchalance, and supreme bon ton, — all accurate reflections of the mind within, infallibly distinguish the Exquisite all the world over, of which genus, however, it is but fair to observe there are many species, graduating on the scales of vice and eccentricity, and consequently more or less harmless. The beau is decidedly a prominent "sign of the times," a minor light of the age, and may be compared to one of those small luminaries which wane on the approach of day. He flourishes in a state of society unmarked by manliness and good sense, and in which the elements of a sound state of public opinion are too feeble or divided to frown or put him down. "Dandyism" or "puppyism" attained its acmé in this country probably about some twenty or thirty years ago, when many of those singular beings or nondescripts, called Exquisites, were to be seen roaming at large about our public places, affecting partial blindness, indistinct articulation, utter

inability to recognise friends whose cast pretensions might have suffered from a change in their worldly circumstances,— whose coats were not cut in a particular style of fashion, or who— monstrum horrendum! — had been guilty of the enormous solecism of being helped twice to soup, or the like. Since that period, however, the race, or class, has been gradually disappearing, and it might now be difficult to find a marked and genuine, or decided specimen. Quakers and dandies, the two extremes of the school of dress, are both approaching a common and a common sense standard, and extravagance of attire in any way is justly becoming exploded, as alike proclaiming vanity, or "the pride which apes humility." Few gentlemen now pique themselves on being ridiculous, or study to excel in that admixture of folly and effrontery yclept dandyism or puppyism, which once passed current as something *fine*, and had its numerous admirers. Knocker breakers, lamp smashers, and Tom-and-Jerryites, a distinct order of eccentrics, do, it is true, still abound; but they too are going out, and it is to be hoped we may soon see "the last of the Goths!"

Nowhere, probably, are there more dandies or bloods (though not perhaps of the first water) to be found than in India, particularly in the Mahommedan cities of Northern Hindoostan, where they are generally known by the denomination of Bonkah. Society in some parts of India, and in other countries of Asia, particularly amongst the Mahommedans, appears to be much in the same state of advancement in most respects at present, as was that of our own country in the days of Harry the Eighth;

or of the miscalled "good Queen Bess," when my "grave Lord Keeper led the brawls." Masques and mummeries delighted the full grown babies of the age, and "fayre savages covered with ivy" spouted nauseous flatteries by the hour to kings and queens,—"when who truly peppered the highest was surest to please;" when men of the greatest minds crushed, by the dread of irresistible power, licked the dust which tyrants trod; when heads rolled for words lightly spoken, and fire and faggot were the "sovereign'st thing on earth" for nonconformists and the cure of error; an age in which men were always either playing the fool or playing the devil, and yet, strange to say, amidst whose moral twilight arose those two great burning and shining lights—a Shakspeare and a Bacon.

War pageantry, costly habiliments, splendid attire—all that dazzles the eye—superstition—childishness—sycophancy—astrology—puerile conceits—inflated language—a vitiated taste, and a great esteem for "wisdom" and "learning,"—("Danae," and "Shagirdhee,") with very strange imperfect notions of both, constitute in so many words the prominent marks of their stage of progression. In the mail-clad Indian chieftain, armed in proof from top to toe, on his barbed steed, snorting and caracolling as if proud of his burthen and of his glittering housings, I have sometimes fancied myself looking on a Marmion or a Surrey, or perhaps some fiery Hotspur of an earlier age. When accompanying the Thakoor, or village lord of Rajasthan or Bundelcund, with hawk and hound, on his sporting excursions in his Rumnahs or preserves, or seated in his castle or Barree, amongst his

retainers, his family priests and his minstrels, the feudal baron or the wealthy Franklin has risen to my mental view, in the grey-bearded ministers of kings and princes, with their wise saws, sage counsels, unworthy flatteries, and excessive deference for regal power; I have fancied that I looked upon the exact prototypes, (saving a slight difference of hue) of the Burleighs, the Mores, and the Cromwells of yore. Conversing with the Moollahs and holy men, I have thought that I recognized the reasonings and exact constitution of mind characteristic of our Cranmers, Jewells, and Latimers, or the sapient "Jamie" himself. I have heard the privileged jester crack his jokes in the presence of the prince, where others were respectfully silent; and in many a dissipated young Mahommedan Bonkah, lisping his "Rindee Bolee," (literally woman's language) have imagined a Sir Percy Shafton, or such a one as he who "smelt so sweet, and talked so like a waiting-gentlewoman" to the grievous annoyance of the choleric Hotspur. Similar states of mental progress produce similar fruits, which are modified by religion and climate. What is the Durgah* of the Peer,† but the tomb of the saint? who can fail to perceive the palmer in the Hadgi, or pilgrim journeying to Mecca, and in the Moollah or Fakeer and his rosary, the monk and his beads? The same insecurity of life and the same barbaric magnificence prevail in the East as so long reigned in the West. Chiefs and their feudal retainers abound, whilst a country

* Shrine.

† *Peer*, Mahommedan saint; the Pere, or Padre, of Europeans.

studded with castles and strongholds, betokens a weak executive: in a land where each petty chief bids defiance to his liege lord, the blessing of order must be unknown; and these things bring Europe of the middle ages, with some few points of difference, most forcibly to the observant mind.

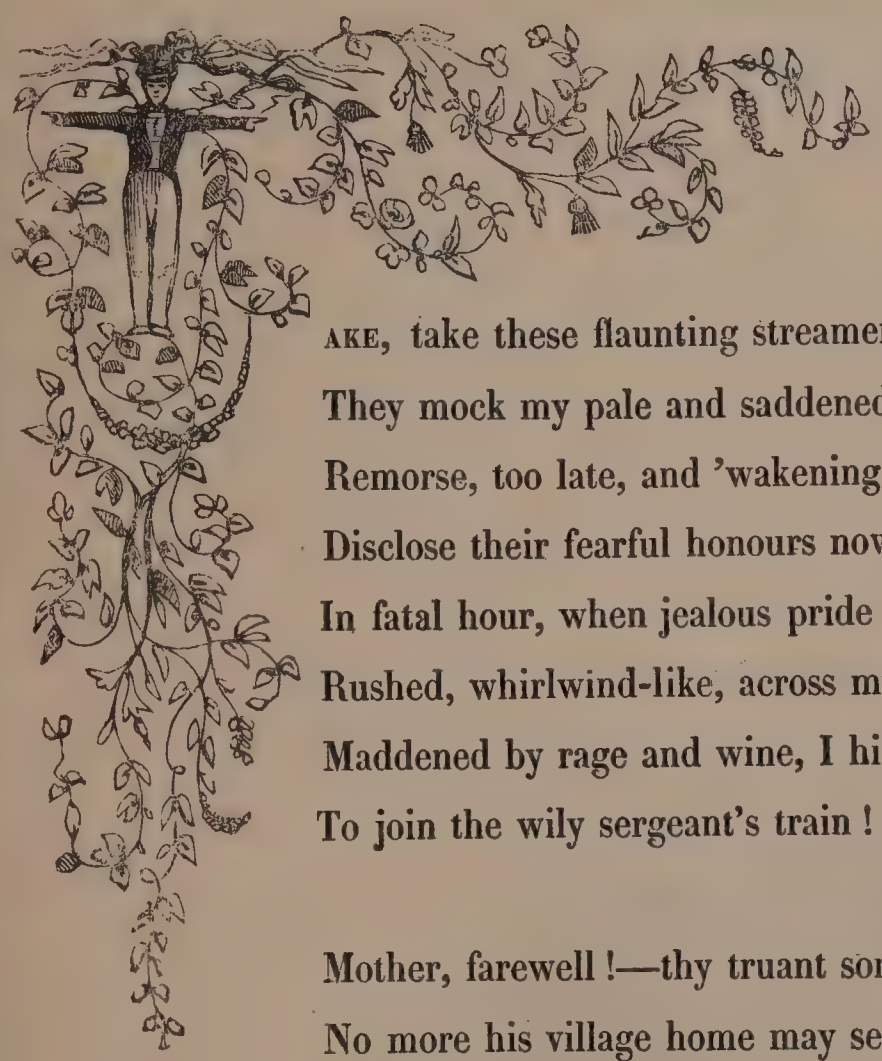
But to the subject of the illustration; the Delhi Bonkah is a loose, idle young fellow, tall, thin, and dissipated; his dark locks, black as the raven's wing, and as glossy as oil of sandal and jasmine (chumbáilie) can make them, hang on his neck and shoulders; a small embroidered skull-cap is struck rakishly on the top or rather on one side of his head; his fine pearly teeth are disfigured with the blood-red saliva, the result of chewing paun, which he squirts about as an American does his tobacco juice, to the damage and disfigurement of whatever it touches. He is idleness personified; flies kites or pigeons from the top of his flat-roofed house, or saunters with his dissolute companions in the Chowks or bazaars, with a tulwar or scymetar under his arm. Oft-times he is found near the quarter occupied by the Kynchnees or dancing-girls, a wreath of jasmine flowers or marigolds round his neck, accompanying his voice with the beat of a little drum or tom-tom, or charming some gazelle-eyed damsel *à la Chatelar*, by thrumming on a sitar or seringhy, whilst he trolls forth an amorous ditty. He piques himself on the gay colours of his dress, the slenderness of his waist, and the knowing way in which he sticks his little embroidered skull-cap on one side of his head; his trowsers or Pajammas are of vast dimensions, and often of yellow or blue satin, or some such gaudy material.

He talks lispingly sometimes, and affects the terms and accent in use amongst women; he is insolent, swaggering, and often cowardly, though not always, for a great deal of courage is often found united with foppishness, a mesalliance to be regretted. Such is a slight sketch of the Bonkah of the Indian cities.

The education of Mahommedan youth in India, particularly those of the highest rank, is in general grossly defective: brought up amongst women in the harem to an advanced period, the young nawaub there acquires the germ of that effeminacy, which a subsequent life of idleness and sensuality strengthens and confirms, till mind and body at length become pitiable wrecks—ruins in which vice, inanity, and folly—owls and bats of the soul—hold their undisturbed abode.

THE RECRUIT.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.



AKE, take these flaunting streamers hence!
They mock my pale and saddened brow;
Remorse, too late, and 'wakening sense,
Disclose their fearful honours now.
In fatal hour, when jealous pride
Rushed, whirlwind-like, across my brain,
Maddened by rage and wine, I hied
To join the wily sergeant's train!

Mother, farewell!—thy truant son
No more his village home may see;
Where lives are lost, or honours won,
My home of strife henceforth must be.
Farewell, the cottage in the glade,
That made my boyhood's earliest home;
Farewell, still dear, though faithless maid,
Whose scorn thus dooms my steps to roam.

Hark! tis the far-resounding drum,
And thrilling fife, whose martial tone
Proclaim the hour "to march" is come,
And visions of the past are flown!
The notes of fame, and glory call—
They weave around my heart their spell;
The banner waves!—adieu to all!—
Home, mother, faithless love—farewell!

SONNET.

BY JOSEPH FEARN, AUTHOR OF "BELIEF AND UNBELIEF," &C.

LEAD me—oh! lead me to those sparkling groves
Where every sight is beauty—every sound
Is love—where sunbeams tip the trees around
With gold—or starlight through their foliage roves,
And I will muse on pleasure—as a dream
Of lands where marble palaces do shine,
And radiant forms on verdant banks recline,
Till all the senses of my frame shall seem
To pass into a rich Elysium bright!
As though a spirit from some mountain height
Had plucked undying roses for a wreath
To bind fair brows withal who sleep beneath;
Then lead! oh, lead me to those sparkling groves
Where sunlight wanders, and where starlight roves.

STANZAS.

BY BABOO GOVIN CHUNDER DUTT.

(A NATIVE OF BENGAL.)

HERE is the gay melodious voice
O where the mirthful tone
That bade my kindred soul rejoice,
In hours for ever gone?
For ever gone! — aye, — with that name
A thousand memories throng, —
The gentle look, the soothing word,
The silvery laugh and song!

The lofty hall, and trellissed bower, —
Where waved the stately plume,
And brightly glanced the midnight gem,
And flowers breathed rich perfume, —
They flash o'er memory's darkened eye,
Like lightnings through a storm,
And with them starts to claim a sigh
Each well-known friendly form.

No soft lamp pours its silvery ray
  Through yon proud chamber's gloom, —
All silent is the mouldering way
  Where censers breathed perfume;
But still resound the lark's sweet notes
  Amid these scenes so fair,
And still on morning's wing she floats
  To woo the fragrant air!

Though cold be Beauty's crimson cheek,
  And dim her laughing brow,
And her blue eye no more bespeak
  A mind as pure as snow,—
Yet still the rose blooms wild around,
  The queen of Eastern flowers, —
And still the clashing waves resound
  Beside the forest bowers!

But hushed is music's mirthful voice,
  And silent is each tone,
That bade my kindred soul rejoice
  In hours for ever gone! —
And nature's sights are nothing now —
  A leaf or breath of air —
Unless, departed friends! with you
  Their glory I can share.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY, (LATE MISS M. A. BROWNE.)

"And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead."—EXODUS, chap. xii. verses 29, 30.

MIDNIGHT, and the moon was high,
Lighting Egypt's cloudless sky;
Calmly fell her silvery smile
On the broad and placid Nile,
Calmly came its glory down,
Bathing all the slumbering town;
So the outward world might seem
'Neath the influence of a dream.

Dreams as lovely, peace as deep,
Many a mother's pillow steep,—
Many a father's manly heart
In his infant's joy hath part,

As in visioned sport they rove,
By the waters—through the grove;
Now they love without love's cares;
What awakening shall be theirs!

Lo! one dim and angry spot
That serenest Heaven doth blot,
Borne in solemn darkness near,
On the windless atmosphere,—
On it passes,—stately, slow,
Blighting somewhat still below,
Silent lightnings all unseen
Hide its dusky folds between.

Hark! through every mother's dream
Comes an infant's stifled scream;
And the father starts to hear
Son or daughter wailing near;
And the captive hath arisen,
Startled in his gloomy prison,
By a sound that seems to come
Echoed from his lowly home.

One fair mother is at rest,
With her infant at her breast,
Wakening suddenly her eye
Seeks its features eagerly;

By the dim and waning lamp,
See—its brow is white and damp,
One faint shiver — one short breath,
And it sleeps the sleep of death!

Wild the terror,—loud the cry
Ere the midnight hour went by,
For the king upon his throne
Waileth for his first-born son,
And the household of the slave
Hath a tenant for the grave,
Every where the woe hath sped —
Every house may mourn its dead!

Even the cattle in the field
To the fatal influence yield;
There each mother stood aghast
As the deadly cloud went past,
Owning with instinctive fear
The Destroying Angel near,
As the youngling by her side,
Sudden moaned, and fell, and died.

All may see that dusky cloud
Not the form its fleeces shroud;
He who bears that fearful blight,
Is an angel, proudly bright,

Nothing evil doth appear
On his forehead, broad and clear, —
He but bears that burning rod
As the messenger of God.

Awful is the earthquake's shock,
When the trembling mountains rock;
Dire the fear when mastering fire
Twines round kindling roof and spire;
Terrible the battle field
With the clash of sword and shield;
Wild the alarm, when o'er the land
Famine waves her blighting wand.

But a terror deeper still
Now through Egypt's land may thrill;
Silent — sudden was the blow,
That hath laid these thousands low;
Not a murmur in the air —
Peace and slumber every where;
One short hour hath done it all, —
Broken, too, a nation's thrall!

Yes! though dread the judgment seem,
Touch with reverent thought the theme;
He, who rules in heaven and earth,
Thus hath brought His people forth,

Sent this lesson from His throne,
That He shieldeth still His own;
That His care is ever near
Those who serve in holy fear.

THE HEIGHT OF HONESTY.

Three friends once, in the course of conversation,
Touched upon honesty; "no virtue better,"
Says Dick, quite lost in sweet self-admiration,
"I'm sure I'm honest; — ay, beyond the letter;
You know the field I farm,—well, underground
My plough stuck in the middle of a furrow,
And there a pot of silver coins I found; —
My landlord has it, without fail to-morrow."
So modestly his good intents he told:
"But wait," says Bob, "we soon shall see who's best,
A stranger left with me uncounted gold;
And I don't touch it: which is honestest?"
"Your deeds are pretty good," says Jack, "but I
Have done much better, (would that all folks learned it!)
Hear then the highest pitch of honesty,—
I borrowed an umbrella—*and returned it!!*"

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GIFTED.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT, AUTHOR OF "THE PRICE OF FAME," &C.

"In memory's land waves never a leaf
  There never a summer breeze blows,
But some long smother'd thought of joy or grief
  Starts up from its solemn repose;
And forms are living and visible there,
Which vanished long since from our earthly sphere."

MISS HOLFORD.

DID we choose to mention real names, many might recollect as well as ourselves, the early and somewhat sudden death of a poet, whose precocious talent gave rise to hopes which were destined never to be realized; but we forbear to do so, lest any might be found who would remember only to weep. He was little known out of his own immediate circle, of which he was the idol, for Fame, ever busy in seeking after her gifted children, had not time to stamp her seal of immortality upon his brows before they withered beneath the cold hand of death. And yet a few kindred spirits were found to lament him, and mourn over the sudden quenching of a mighty intellect, whose

living glory they might have decried and envied; — but death sanctifieth all things.

We were young at that time, and anxious to pay tribute with the rest at the shrine of departed genius, knowing him only through his own tender and beautiful revealings; but although the rock of inspiration was repeatedly struck, no answering strain came forth at our bidding; we were not in the mood. Thought flowed too rapidly to be chained and cramped into lines each ending in a rhyme, and flinging aside our tablets, we went forth, lured by the sound of joyous voices, and light laughter, and joined the merry group upon the lawn. The young, the beautiful, yea, and the gifted, even as he had been, were there

"Smiling as if earth contained no tomb."

But there was one among them, a widow, aged it would seem more by grief than time, whose pale sweet face and low voice had won us to her side all that summer day; and by whom we again lingered, as we are apt to do where we feel that our presence confers pleasure.

"You have been weeping," said she kindly.

"Yes, for I have been thinking of him."

"Silly child! And yet it is well that the actual troubles of life have not yet arisen to sweep away these ideal griefs and sympathies. After all it is a happy period—

When every heart appears
  The temple of high thought, and noble deed;
When our most bitter tears
  Fall o'er some melancholy page we read,—

but it soon passes away."

"Not always, surely?"

"Almost invariably. The fountain of a grief which in youth is perpetually overflowing, and whose waters soothe, even while they sadden, is soon withered up by scorn and anguish. And age with all its accumulated miseries, sheds fewer tears than childhood over its ideal and imaginary sorrows: and yet he was worthy of your lamentations."

"You knew him then?"

"We have met, but it was years ago. I was staying on a visit at the same house where he first became acquainted with her of whom his latter poems breathe so sweet a spirit of tenderness and regard. She was my school-fellow and intimate friend, although many years my junior."

"And he loved her? After all she is to be envied."

"So she always said, and used to wonder what she could have done to merit so much happiness; for she had a meek and humble spirit, and was well suited to be the bride of a poet."

"How she must have worshipped him!"

"Yes, so she did I believe, until she learned to love him still more. It was a strange tale, that meeting!"

And the widow bowed down her pale face upon her hands, while the spirit of the past stole over her like a dream of old days. We withdrew a little apart, and sat down side by side upon the grass; and that low voice rose up like a strain of melancholy music, between the pauses of which came the merry laughter of the gay dancers on the lawn.

"A Christmas in an old country house is either a very dull

affair or quite the contrary; the one I am about to describe was the latter. Besides an agreeable party domesticated within doors, all equally ready to amuse or be amused, we had always some visitor drop in of an evening, and generally wound up with a dance, or a game of forfeits, to please the children, in which children of a larger growth were not ashamed to join.

"At the time of which we speak, some little excitement was occasioned by the proposed visit of Mr. Noel Fletcher, (for we will know the poet only by that name). He had been intimate at college with the son of our worthy host, and cheerfully accepted his invitation into D——; and as the day approached, my friend Gay Pemberton, who scarcely ever had his volume of poems out of her hand, and was even accused of sleeping with it under her pillow, spoke of nothing else but his expected arrival. We have wondered since whether this was merely the result of her romantic and highly-wrought feelings, or occasioned by a dim foreboding of how intimately their future destinies were to be knit together.

"It was the evening before the day on which he was to have come, and everything that was said or done returns to my mind as though it were but yesterday. A few accidental visitors had dropped in as usual, among whom was the clergyman of the place, and a young man with a bright florid complexion, and a pair of the merriest blue eyes in the world, whose name I did not catch; and who, after romping with the children until their bed time, came and flung himself full length on a couch near

where we sat, and taking up a newspaper, seemed thoroughly comfortable and at home.

"Gay Pemberton was in one of her wildest humours, looking so happy and beautiful all the time, that it was impossible to chide or be angry with her; and but little work went on among the noisy group she had collected around her. Even the whist players looked up at the sound of her merry laughter, and smiled too, without knowing why. And then on a sudden, as we must have noticed on a bright summer day, the sun went in, leaving a brief shade even more delightful from contrast.

"'How I wish to-morrow were come!' said she, thoughtfully.

"'That is, if it bring the poet, but not else,' we playfully rejoined.

"'Ah! it is sure to do that, for Morris showed me the letter, —and he writes such a beautiful hand!—promising to be with him on Thursday, without fail. How I longed to keep it, but I feared he would laugh at me.'

"'It was more than probable. But you must get Mr. Fletcher to write something in your album.'

"'If he speaks to me, I shall certainly ask him, if it is only his name.'

"'If he speaks to you?'

"'Yes, for I have fancied him proud and reserved, as all geniuses, they say, are. You will think me very silly, but I know what he will be like, as well as if we were old friends, and am almost confident that I should recognize him, were we even to meet elsewhere.'

"'Perhaps this is he?' said I, as the door opened to give admittance to the village doctor, a marvellous resemblance to Shakespeare's far-famed apothecary. While at that moment our opposite neighbour looked up as if he had found something vastly entertaining in his newspaper, and laughed outright, almost as joyously as Gay herself had done but a short time previously.

"'I should like to hear Miss Pemberton's ideal of a poet,' exclaimed a young lady.

"'Well, then, I will give it to you in order that you may compare it with the original. He is tall, and pale, as the gifted ever are; with a magnificent brow—dark, dreamy eyes—and a proud lip, whose smiles are only for the very few, but its scorn for the whole world, whom all worship, but it is the privilege of but one or two to love!'

"'A dangerous privilege, if we are to believe the wild chronicles of their lives,' replied another, 'great talents are said to be for the world—not for domestic life.'

"'But why should this be?' asked Gay, almost sadly—and there were none to answer. It is a question which will probably never be solved. We are told by one, herself a poetess, and a very sweet one too, that

> 'Fame's laurel wreath
> Distils its poison on the brow beneath;'

but left to draw our own conclusions from the truthful experience of daily life, how far its blighting influence extends around the charmed circle of affection.

"'Well,' exclaimed Gay, at length, for nothing ever damped

that sanguine and joyous spirit for many moments together, 'I dare say if the private histories of all were sought after, and revealed like those of the gifted, they would be found much the same in the end. Or supposing it true that genius is irritable and exacting; again I say, a glorious privilege is hers, to whose lot it falls to soothe and minister to it, catching glimpses of a mighty intellect which should dazzle and blind her to weakness inseparable, after all, from mortality.'

"Our opposite neighbour laid down the newspaper; perhaps, he found it vain to try and read in our vicinity, and fixed his eyes upon Gay, with a look of undisguised admiration, of which the young enthusiast was utterly unconscious.

"'But have you quite finished your description of the poet?' asked her fair interrogator.

"'Yes, I think so, all but his voice, which of course is low—sweet—and marvellously eloquent!'

"'Have you forgotten what Dr. Johnson says upon this subject?' asked the gentleman I have before mentioned, joining in the conversation quite naturally, while Gay answered him in the same frank spirit.

"'Yes, indeed.—What was it?'

"'The transition,' he tells us, 'from an author's book to his conversation is too often like an entrance into a large city after a distant prospect. Remotely we see nothing but spires of temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendour, grandeur, and magnificence; but when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages,

disgraced with despicable cottages; embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke.'

"'Ah! Dr. Johnson was a bear!' said the girl, wilfully; and then their wild and gleeful laughter mingled so joyously, that many joined in it from very sympathy.

"'Oh! if this book were mine!' continued Gay, after a pause, and still referring to the same endless theme, 'with Noel Fletcher's name written thus, with his own hand, I think I should have nothing left to wish for.'

"'And yet compliments is a cold term,' said our blue-eyed friend, archly. 'Would you not rather have it, with the author's love?'

"'No, indeed, his kind regards would more than content me—his love has been too frequently bestowed.'

"'Never, I will venture to swear!' interrupted her companion, vehemently.

"'Then you have not read his works,' replied Gay, turning over the pages, which she almost knew by heart, with a rapid finger. 'See, here is positive conviction—'To my beloved one.' Not to mention twenty other sweet and tender sonnets addressed 'To Mary,' &c. Nay, I should say that he had not only been in love, and that too more than once, but had likewise been disappointed! Or why so eloquent upon blighted affection, and broken hearts? Why address those touching lines of 'The Forsaken to the False One,' which must haunt her whole future life, like an unforgotten voice? And yet I cannot fancy any girl, flinging away in very wantonness the rich gift of such a heart as his.'

"'But surely you must be aware,' returned he, speaking in a low voice, and more earnestly than the subject seemed to demand, 'that these are merely ideal themes. What is poetry without love? A world without sunshine or flowers. But the poet needs not experience every subject on which he writes, while he can create and imagine them. Nay, where he feels most, he is least likely to do justice to his task.'

"'And yet,' replied Gay, 'this is stripping romance of its brightest spell: we should seldom weep over fictitious sorrows, knowing them to be such. It is Louis, King of Bavaria, I think, who says, 'Out of the heart alone shall that unfold itself which shall truly go to the heart again!''

"'Nevertheless,' said her companion, with a vexed air, 'I will venture to affirm that Noel Fletcher is no more in love than I am!'

"'Well, I shall be glad to believe that his heart is really not the seared and blighted thing he describes it.'

"'Pshaw! all romance and folly!' replied our anti-poetical friend, abruptly. While Gay looked like one but half convinced; and remained poring over the book until the hour of rest; but little more conversation passing between us worthy of narration.

"The following morning I was to start on a fortnight's visit some thirty miles off, but to return time enough to accompany Gay Pemberton to her happy home, where another succession of merry days was in store for us. Ah! those were pleasant times—the golden days of our youth! And we do well to make the most of them, for their freshness once past is gone for ever!

The very thought of having to be up early kept me wakeful all night, otherwise, perhaps, Gay's gentle voice, for we slept together, would have failed to arouse me, as with closed eyes and smiling lips, she repeated one of Noel Fletcher's sweetest sonnets, the last lines dying away until they became almost inaudible. It was strange to hear such poetry so given at that hour; and sad too, for the subject was a gloomy one, and I could not think but I was dreaming too, and so lay quite still until the morning sun warned me to prepare for new scenes. Novelty at that time was but another word for pleasure, and Gay was as cheerful and busy as myself, so that our little treasures were soon arranged, and we both sat down on the neatly packed box, and began to talk of the future.

"She laughed when I told her about the sonnet which she had repeated in her sleep,—confessing that it had occupied her last waking hours, and that she was very silly, but should grow wiser some day, she hoped,—pitying me the next moment for being obliged to go away before Noel Fletcher's arrival.

"'But, perhaps, he may not be gone on your return, although they say he is so much sought after.—By the bye, he may have come even now for aught we know, for I remember he said in his letter, '*early* on Thursday morning,' I will just run down and ask Morris.'

"She did so, but returned, breathless with agitation, a few moments afterwards, and flinging herself into my arms, burst into a passionate flood of weeping, and hid her burning face upon my bosom.—They were the first tears I ever remember to have known her shed.

" ' Oh! take me with you!' she wildly exclaimed. ' If you love me, take me instantly away!'

" ' Impossible, my dear child! but I will stay with you, if you will tell me how I can be of service, and who has grieved you thus.'

" ' No one. It is all my own fault!' And her sobs redoubled with the effort to speak.

" At this moment the breakfast bell rang; and as the only fault, if that could be called a fault, which I could ever discover in our worthy host, was a most rigid adherence to punctuality in all things, its warning was not to be disregarded.

" ' Go down,' said Gay, ' and say that I have the headache—that I am ill!—I shall be calmer against your return, or you will have heard the story of my folly from other lips; but do not think for an instant of giving up your journey on my account—it is fit that I should suffer, and be despised as I now despise myself!'

" I obeyed her in silence, having no time, besides being too bewildered to put any further questions then; but I could not help observing that when I delivered my message, Morris, the eldest son of our host, laughed outright, and stole a mirthful glance at our blue-eyed friend of the previous night who was comfortably established at the breakfast table with his everlasting newspaper.

" ' I trust Miss Pemberton is not seriously indisposed,' said he, kindly, as I took the vacant place by his side.

" No, I believe not, only a headache," and then Morris laughed again most provokingly, while his friend looked almost as annoyed as myself.

" ' You must not forget to tell Gay,' said the former, ' that Mr. Noel Fletcher has enquired most anxiously after her, and is inconsolable at her absence.'

" ' Noel Fletcher!' and the whole truth flashed upon my mind, and I felt half inclined to be angry with the Poet for his incognito, but that he seemed so penitent; so poor Morris had the full benefit of it, and after all he was most to blame for not properly introducing his gifted friend.

" But how was Gay employed all this time? Doubtless in recalling to mind, with tears of shame and vain repentance, all that had passed between them on the previous night. No wonder that she should tremble at the thought of meeting him.

" ' And yet how could I imagine,' said she, simply, ' that such a man could be a poet? with his bright colour like any farmer, and his merry eyes,—besides, he was actually *embonpoint !*'

" ' How amused he must have been at your description of him,' said I.

" Gay coloured, but she grew calmer: pride—the pride which rarely deserts a woman, had come to her aid; and she parted from me with more composure than I had expected. Morris's triumph, and Mr. Fletcher's too, if he felt any, would be but brief, when they found the wild romantic girl transformed into the proud and dignified woman. And I pictured to myself their cold embarrassed meeting, as the carriage whirled me away to fresh scenes and pleasures.

" A fortnight—how soon it is gone when we are happy!—Fourteen days then, seem only like so many hours. Poor Gay

I had forgotten all about her, and how she was most likely longing for my arrival to go back to her quiet home, the spell of her wild, yet sweet dreams broken for ever! It was evening when I returned—there were lights in the upper rooms, and the sound of music and merry laughter. And yet somehow, I half feared that Gay would not be found among that mirthful party, nor was she. Morris smiled when I enquired after her, even as he had done on the eventful morning of my departure; and pointed to the balcony, which was of stone, extending the whole length of the house, and a cool and pleasant retreat in the summer, although scarcely desirable on such a night as this.

"'Pshaw!' said Morris, 'who ever felt the cold at eighteen, beneath such a glorious moon, and with a poet for a companion?'

"'Mr. Fletcher is still here then?'

"'Yes, in spite of his numerous engagements—but they are coming.' And a moment afterwards Gay's arms were about my neck, and her sweet voice welcoming me back; while tears—real burning tears, in spite of her beaming looks, fell like rain. But she dashed them away in a moment, asking a thousand random questions about my visit, without waiting for an answer to one of them. While Noel Fletcher stood by with folded arms, looking as delighted as if she had been uttering the most eloquent harangue in the world; his blue eyes fairly dancing with happiness.

"'And now,' said I, having replied as briefly as possible to her numerous queries, 'I am quite ready to return with you whenever you please.'

"'I am in no particular hurry,' said Gay, casting down her eyes. 'But you must be fatigued with your journey—shall we retire?'

"I willingly agreed, while Mr. Fletcher said laughingly, although I believe he really thought it at the moment, that I was very selfish and disagreeable, to wish to keep Miss Pemberton all to myself; and then in a changed voice turned to whisper a very protracted good-night, which lasted several minutes before Gay could disengage her hand and follow me up stairs. There was little need of words—on the dressing-room table lay a small and elegantly bound book, which I knew at once to be Noel Fletcher's Poems; and when Gay took it up, and smiling through her tears, pointed to its title page, and we read there her own name 'with the author's love.' I asked no more questions, but rejoiced with the untroubled gladness of youth, that things had thus come to pass.

"It is needless attempting to repeat Gay's broken history of what had taken place during my brief absence; and the pains Noel Fletcher must have taken to satisfy her previous doubts with regard to the ideality of his poetical loves and sorrows; and here his looks were certainly in his favour, for no one would have taken him to be a man whose heart was either seared or broken. Then he had to reconcile her to the very reverse of her wild dream—to apologize for those merry eyes, and the bright healthful glow of his complexion, and promise, if it would win her, to be the gloomy being she had described, proud to all but one, so that one might be Gay Pemberton! While she wondered how

she could have ever fancied him any other than he was,—and owned for the thousandth time that she had been very silly!

"And now I would fain linger over this part of my narrative, relating how, as I have before said, Gay's worship of the poet—the genius had gradually less of awe, and more of human love in it. How her very gentleness disarmed our playful satire, and how Noel Fletcher adored her, while his verses grew no less eloquent because addressed to a real and tangible deity!—His introduction to her venerable parents— their simple bridal—and how merry and happy we all were on that day. It seems like a bright dream long past!"—And the widow, when she arrived at this part of her story, closed her eyes wearily, as though she would fain the vision would come again.

"Well, you know the end," said she at length: "of the double wedding which took place at that time, there are left two widows and no bridegroom!"

There was another pause, after which she continued more calmly, but still without reference to her own history, into which we dared not inquire, but only guessed that it must have been a very sad one,—

"Oh! what a home was theirs! Gay's sweet faith had been the true one, and she was not called upon for any marvellous degree of patience and endurance. The most sanguine imaginings of her young and romance-loving spirit were more than realized; while the glorious voice of the Poet went abroad like a blessing! Again and again it was heard—it found its way into palace and cottage—and then, just when men began to look for

its coming, as for a familiar and household thing, was suddenly hushed for ever! Heaven have pity upon her on whom this weary silence will fall the heaviest!"

"Amen," said I gently, for my heart was full.

"To-morrow," continued the widow, "I start for her solitary abode. They say she is ill, but I do not pray for her recovery unless it please God, but would rather supplicate that in his mercy he would take her to himself! There is no more happiness for her in this world now. Nay, do not weep, my poor child!" she added, laying her withered hand kindly upon my bowed head. "After all, it is a glorious earth we live in, especially to the young; and there are a thousand happy wives and mothers to one widow such as I. The gifted are not always taken, and while sorrow is isolated, and seldom to be met with, joy aboundeth everywhere. Hark! how they laugh! You should be with them, and not here; but age and grief are apt to make one selfish."

That night we went to sleep thinking of all that we had heard during the day, but more especially of Gay Pemberton and the Poet, and dreamed that a certain fairy tale which had made the charm of our childhood was realized, and the genius of the future stood ready to bestow any one gift we liked to ask for—but it was to be but one. There was health, for the lack of which all other pleasures were continually losing their zest,—riches, which should command the world,—beauty, how often yearned and wept for,—fame, more tempting than them all, and the only one which would survive the tombs,—and yet we hesi-

tated, while the bright face of the spirit smiled calmly on us, and the smile brought back as with a spell the memory of all that we had heard, and our choice was instantly made;—our one wish—*May we never survive those we love!* For what is health when we pray as that widow prayed to die?—riches, when those with whom we would share them are gone away?—beauty, which was sought and prized but to win the regard of those eyes which death hath closed?—or fame, dear only that one might well be proud of us? And methought the fairy looked pleased with our choice, and then the whole vision passed away.

The following morning came a brief note from our new friend. "Rejoice with us," she wrote, "it is all over! The prayer of the broken heart has been heard, and they are together again in heaven!"

Years have rolled on since then, and there are none left to recognize the above sad and truthful sketch; did we think otherwise, it would never have been written: and yet like the fables of childhood it has its moral. That the gifted are neither raised by their genius above, nor formed to live without the pale of human love and sympathy, but common clay even as ourselves,—loving—trusting—doubting—too often erring!

> With good intents, marred in the acting oft,
> With heavenward thoughts that fail thro' weariness,
> And droop the wing while yet the glance aspires;
> Having much cause for gratitude,—but more
> For penitence sincere; yet how infirm!

THE BRIDAL VISIT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THREE weeks have elapsed since the marriage
Of the pretty demure Annie Grey;
So on Monday we ordered the carriage,
Our formal first visit to pay:
I shall fully describe its progression,
And then, if you happen to call
On a dozen young pairs in succession,
My sketch will do well for them all.

The bride, in robes gracefully waving,
Sat looking as gentle and fond
As a bride in an Annual engraving,—
All satin, white ribbons, and blonde;
And her words were so soft, so bewitching,
That she seemed like the fairy's pet girl,
Who, whenever she spoke, kept enriching
Her friends with a flower or a pearl!

The bridesmaid, the blue-eyed Kate Harris,
Looked simpering, rosy, and neat,
Not at all like the "Bridesmaid by Parris,"
With her wreath of white flowers at her feet!
And I thought, as with arch emulation
Her "principal's" movements she eyed,
She might soon, on a short preparation,
Succeed in the part of a bride.

The bridegroom looked joyous and pleasant,
Yet, somehow, I felt for his doom;
Not a lord of creation was present;
Twelve ladies were ranged round the room:
Their fathers, and husbands, and brothers,
Sent cards, (such I find is the rule,)
And the happiest man of all others
Mounted guard as "le cavalier seul!"

All poured in his ear the perfections
Of his fair one, the wonder of earth,—
Such a mind! such a soul! such affections!
Such meekness, discretion, and worth!
Then such talent—time only could show it;
It would make life so joyously glide,
As to prove the sweet words of the poet,
That "the wife is more dear than the bride."

And the lady, meanwhile, was delighted
By the whispers of many a voice;
All merits, they vowed, were united
In the fortunate man of her choice;
"Such eyes! such a sound understanding!"—
Then they praised her new harp, and worked chairs,
The time-piece that stood on the landing,
And the green-house half way down the stairs.

None breathed forth a doubt or a stricture—
Alas! can it be, that, ere long,
Care shall darken this honey-moon picture,
And change its right side to its wrong?
Must these lovers brave seasons and weathers,—
Must they ever the region forsake
Of smiles, morning visits, white feathers,
Blonde veils, Lisbon wine, and plum-cake?

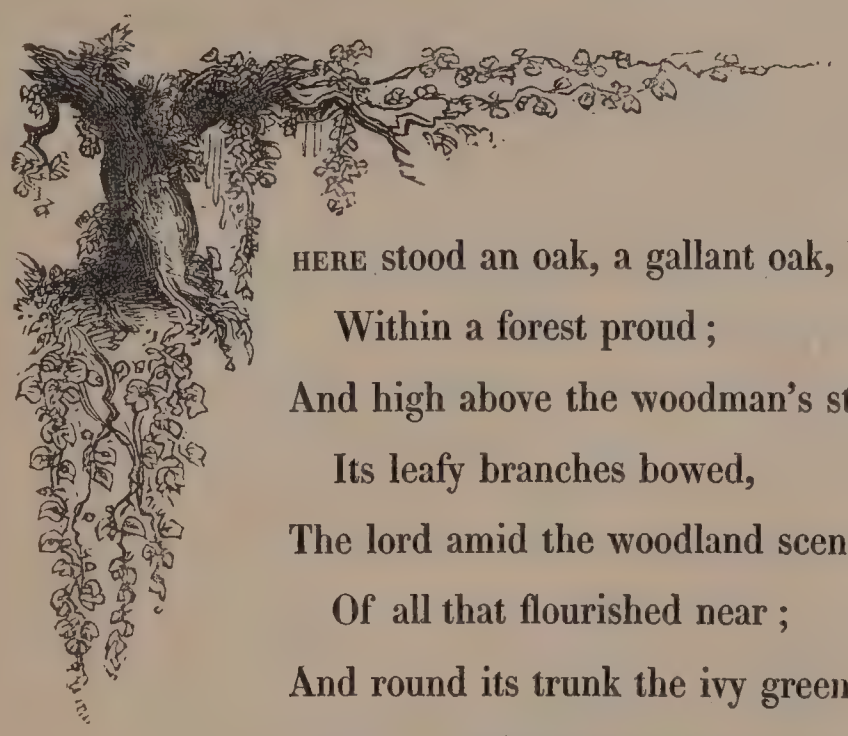
Can that furniture ever grow faded?
Can that bride muse on house-keeping ills?
Can the brows of her loved one be shaded
While turning o'er tradesmen's long bills?
Can friends blame their silly enthralment,
And pass them with looks cold as ice,
Or give them a daily instalment
From a great joint-stock bank of advice?

Yes, the roses desert Hymen's fetter,
When sovereigns grow scarce in the purse,
And the cheering "I take thee for better,"
Gives place to "I took thee for worse;"
Hearts, once pain and danger defying,
Then shrink from the world's slightest rub,
And the lady grows nervous and sighing,
And the gentleman pines for his club.

Yet let me not cloud with prediction
A bright sunny season like this—
Eldorado is not quite a fiction,
We may now and then peep at its bliss;
And would you its wonders discover,
And breathe for a time its pure air,
Just go, ere the honey-moon 's over,
And call on a new married pair!

THE IVY AND THE OAK.

BY MARY HARRIET ACTON.



HERE stood an oak, a gallant oak,
Within a forest proud;
And high above the woodman's stroke
Its leafy branches bowed,
The lord amid the woodland scene
Of all that flourished near;
And round its trunk the ivy green
Had twined for many a year.

Oh! fondly did the ivy cling
Around that stately tree,
And lovely in the budding spring
Its leaves were wont to be;
No storm its clasping stem could move
As round each branch it grew,
And oft the oak had said its love
Was with the ivy true.

But one sad day a nightingale,
From the sweet scented glade,
And the roses of the sunny vale,
To the forest's shelter strayed ;
And chose the kingly oak so high
Its resting place to make,
And the tree forgot the ivy nigh
For the gifted stranger's sake !

Oh ! the ivy wept both day and night
Such altered love to know,
And scarcely seemed the sunbeams bright
To its heart so choked with woe ;
But the faithless oak still prized the bird,
With its silvery notes so rare,
And its melody the forest heard
Through the balmy summer air.

The steps of winter silently
Came stealing o'er the earth,
And the flowers bent them down to die,
And the leaves forgot their mirth ;
And the nightingale without a look
Of gratitude or pain,
The high and stately oak forsook
For its woodbine home again.

Then the tree's proud heart with shame was torn,
So lightly prized to be,
And the woods around beheld with scorn
Its slighted majesty:
The glowworms in their leafy bower
Laughed gleefully below,
And shook with mirth each forest flower,
Its lowered pride to know.

But though so long thrown coldly by,
The ivy nearer drew,
And o'er the drooping branches nigh
Its brightest leaves it threw;
And never when the dewy spring
Came forth in beauty free,
Did the ivy e'er so firmly cling,
As round that humbled tree.

And dearly for such trusting care
Did the oak its duty prove,
Nor turned again for aught more fair
From its fond and ancient love;
But proudly in the forest shade
Stood long unchanged and true,
And when the stately oak decayed
The ivy withered too!

A SIMPLE HYMN FOR HARVEST-HOME.

BY M. F. TUPPER, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

BLESS the God of harvest, praise him through the land,
Thank him for his precious gifts, his help, and liberal love:
Praise him for the fields, that have rendered up their riches,
And, drest in sunny stubbles, take their sabbath after toil;
Praise him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,
And meadows, where the sweet-breathed hay was stacked in early summer;
Praise him for the wheat-sheaves, gathered safely into barn,
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the sounding flail;
Praise him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,
Praise him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant bitter;
Praise him for the wholesome root, that fattened in the furrow,
Praise him for the mellow fruits, that bend the groaning bough:
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy store,

For skill and labour prospered well, by gracious suns and showers,
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the hearth,
O happy heart of this broad land, praise the God of harvest!
All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise him for you,
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your thanks.
Trees, and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, gladdening the eyes with verdure,
For all your leaves and flowers and fruits, we praise the God of harvest!
Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on the air,
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of mail,
And steers, resting after labor, and timorous flocks afold,
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the creaking wains,
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the God of harvest!
And ye, O some who never prayed, and therefore cannot praise,
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and unillumined night,
Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your work,
Who lay down late, but rendered no thank-offering for that blessing
Which all unsought He sent, and all unknown ye gathered,—
Alas, for you and in your stead, we praise the God of harvest!

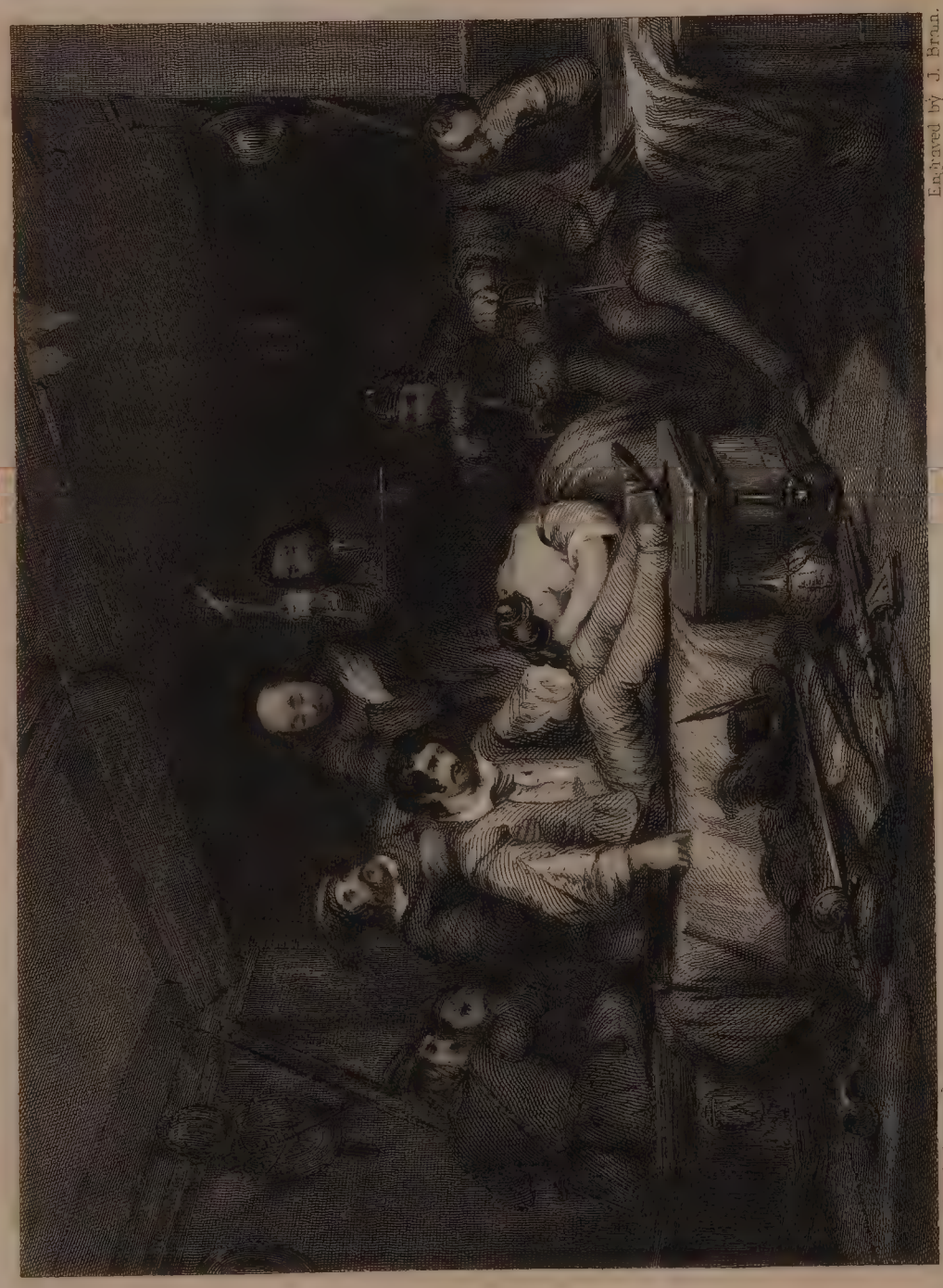
Come, come along with me, and swell this song of praise,
Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of the soil:
All ye that sowed the seed in faith, with those who reaped in joy,

And he that drove the plough afield, with all the scattered gleaners,
And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend the sheep,
And men that load the sluggish wain, or neatly thatch the rick,—
Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your thrilling cheers,
But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad rejoicings,
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-home,
And join this cheerful song of praise, — to bless the God of harvest!

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

Farewell to the shore where my father is sleeping!
Oh, sweet and unbroken his rest may it be!
Farewell to the home where my mother is weeping
Her first-born—her dearest—alas! alien me!
Far away from the friends whom I loved in my childhood,
Estranged from the hearts that I clung to of yore,
I will seek me a rest in the desert or wild-wood,
And my country and kindred shall see me no more!



Painted by G. Cattermole.

Engraved by J. Braun.

THE SACRIFICE.

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THE SACRIFICE.

A Story of the Last White Rose.

ED roses are the fashion now-a-days, fair lady," was the exclamation of a knightly-looking personage, as, forcing himself without much trouble through a break in the hedge, he stood by the side of the Lady Somerton: "Red roses are the fashion, yet I perceive you gather only the white ones; now if you will accept my aid in the assortment of your posy, I shall enliven it with the blushing flower. See, too, how much hardier these are than those pale, sickly buds."

Lady Somerton was startled by the first words which fell upon her ear, and the pale roses trembled in her grasp; but ere Sir Pierre Brandon's speech was concluded, she recovered, by an effort of the will, at least the semblance of composure. She could not but return the courteous greeting of Sir Pierre, for though unknown to him by any formal introduction, she had received, three days

previously, a signal service at his hands. Whether in search of white roses or wild flowers, we cannot tell, but she had been tempted on that occasion to wander beyond the precincts of the park, and, unconscious till too late, that the country was being scoured by the king's troops, had been rudely accosted by a party of soldiers. Utterly ignorant *at that time* of the meaning of their questions, she was yet painfully alarmed by their rude and imperious behaviour; when Sir Pierre, riding up, dispersed them by a word, and then, with the chivalry of a soldier and a gentleman, escorted Edith and her old attendant to the gates of Somerton Park. To her deliverer she therefore felt truly grateful, and though she could have wished that he had caught her in some other act than that of gathering white roses, she accepted his offer in as playful a manner as she could command, and added the Lancastrian bouquet with which he supplied her, to those Yorkist buds she had already gathered.

"Now have you a most loyal offering," exclaimed Sir Pierre, striving to meet with his own searching glance the soft eyes of Edith Somerton,—"meet even for the wise Tudor himself, since you retain just enough fair blossoms — poor things that they are —to remind him of the wife he has raised to share his throne."

She did not look up, though she felt her cheek grow pallid for a moment, and then the rebel blood return with added vigour to dye it crimson. How many a warm rejoinder hovered on her lip, which prudence warned her to restrain! But she only murmured,

"Alas! that a sweet flower should ever have been chosen as the type of civil discord! Flowers, fit emblems only of peace and joy; — flowers, a remnant of paradise; — flowers, which in their fragrant breaths, and beauteous forms, bear a message from heaven, that earth was not made only for sin and woe. Flowers! what have ye to do with violence and death, with orphans' tears, and widows' wailing?"

"To deck the conqueror's brow, fair lady."

"Unmeet — unmeet."

By this time they had approached the house, and though for many reasons Edith little desired to introduce a stranger guest, and that guest a Lancastrian knight, she felt that to offer a marked slight to Sir Pierre would be the most dangerous policy she could pursue. Yet her voice trembled as she said, "Sir Hugh Somerton desires to thank you, for the service you rendered his wife; and though at this moment he is not at home, and I therefore will not ask you to enter, he would blame me, if I did not urge you to favour him with a visit ere you quit our neighbourhood."

"Then, lady, I must pay it before sunset; so, by your leave, I will wait on him in an hour."

Lady Somerton hurried to her chamber, where, casting one rapid glance around, to be certain that she was alone, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. But this was no hour for the indulgence of such feminine weakness; and soon removing all outward signs of her emotion, she separated the two bouquets, although terrified in the midst of the task by the sound of a bell which proclaimed the quick flight of time. Then descending

from her chamber, she entered her husband's favourite room, in which an air of luxury and refinement prevailed, unusual at that period. But Sir Hugh's father had been a merchant-knight in the days of the merchant-monarch Edward the Fourth, and this circumstance might account for the costly carpet, and sumptuous hangings, which decorated the apartment. Till the lady entered it was untenanted, which quickly perceiving, she approached a seemingly ponderous cabinet of ebony; scarcely, however, had she touched a spring, when, revolving on hinges, it swung forward by its own weight, revealing a secret door in the wall. The next moment Edith stood within a rude and narrow chamber, but as she advanced towards the occupant of this retreat, she would have kneeled to offer a subject's homage, had he not caught her hands and prevented the obeisance. She was in the presence of one, whom history scarcely knows how to designate. For, as each cycle passes by, rescuing stern truths from the disguises heaped upon them by ignorance, or power, or prejudice, the more inclined are we to recognise Richard Plantagenet, in him who has so long been regarded as the impostor, Perkin Warbeck!

"I come, your highness," said Lady Somerton, "at my husband's bidding, to ask if there be any service I can render in his absence to break the tedium of the day. He is himself riding towards Exeter, to put the despatch intended for the Lady Katherine, into the hands of the trusty serving man who is deputed as the messenger. And, my liege, an hour after sunset—"

"A horse will be ready to convey me to the sole refuge my hard destiny yields me."

"'Tis but for a brief interval your faithful friends advise their prince to secure his safety in the Holy Sanctuary of Beaulieu. Only while they gather his scattered troops to rally round his banner."

"While I must rest in idleness! By heaven! my heart and mind will rot away the body, even as the sword's rust eats into the scabbard!"

"My king!"

"Forgive me, lady. Rather let us speak of the time—for surely it will come — when a grateful monarch shall prove his obligations to his tried friends."

Not till that moment did Edith perceive that in her agitation she had provided herself with the red roses instead of the fair Yorkist blossoms, which she had intended to present to her guest! *He* divined the cause of her emotion, for as tears again flowed, she exclaimed, "Oh! how evil an omen!"

"By defying, I will over-rule the omen. Give them me, lady; and though they wither on my heart, I will keep them for my coronation—it will be useful in prosperity to be reminded of an hour like this."

"Rather would I sacrifice the best blood of my house!" exclaimed Lady Somerton, trampling the flowers beneath her feet.

"Hush!" said her guest; "tempt not fate by the offer of a sacrifice. Unhappy Richard!" and he buried his face in his hands.

Edith endeavoured to soothe and comfort her guest, and

though anxious to be the first to encounter Sir Hugh on his return, lingered in cheering conversation for another half-hour: and when she quitted the chamber, or closet, as it might more properly be called, she did so by a different outlet to that by which she had entered. The secret recess, alas! so often necessary, in the troublous times of which we write, communicated also with the chapel, where beneath their sculptured tombs reposed many of Sir Hugh's ancestors. The walls were hung with martial trophies, and implements of war, as even to this day we find — so strong is old custom — religious fanes, polluted by mementos of strife and bloodshed. Here, to her astonishment, she found two stranger monks in company with Ralph Willoughby, the busy idler — the wild madcap, but faithful servant — the jester of the family. He was in the entire confidence of his master, as indeed his presence there testified, for none other could have obtained access to the chapel. Hurriedly he related that the holy men belonged to the fraternity of Beaulieu; that they had come hither provided with a cowl and gown in which to disguise the fugitive, the more safely to conduct him to their sanctuary.

"Is Sir Hugh returned?" exclaimed Lady Somerton, with anxiety; "knows he of your plans?"

"Lady, we come at his suggestion," replied the elder of the two, "ostensibly to perform mass for the soul of his brother; the anniversary of whose death this chances to be, Heaven forgive the deception!" and the monk crossed himself devoutly as he added, "we will perform seven masses as an atonement."

"Will your masses," chimed in Ralph, the jester, who could

be earnest enough when occasion called,—" will your masses, holy fathers, spirit away the foul fiend who I think now holds Sir Hugh prisoner in the east-chamber, in the shape of that Tudor knight, Sir Pierre Brandon?"

Lady Somerton started and turned pale with fear—for the east-chamber was that from which she had entered the fugitive's retreat; and but too truly did she dread that Sir Pierre was even now on some secret service of the king to arrest his steps. Much was there in their converse that morning which led to this belief, and quickly did she communicate her fears to the party in the chapel. For a few moments there was silence, which Ralph was the first to break.

" It is not possible," said he, " to warn Sir Hugh of our fears or our plans; but if you will take the fool's advice, it is this. Quickly let him don the garments you have brought, and thus our prince may escape at once, instead of waiting till sunset, the time proposed. I will take his place, and if they try the cabinet door, will hold out as stoutly as if the right man were there, and thus give time for him to escape."

The plan seemed so judicious and feasible, that it was instantly agreed on, and quickly put into execution; and the half-hour thus gained, it might be, protracted for a few months the liberty of *him* whom we yet scarcely know how to name, or reserved his life for a sadder ending than the sword's point would have proved. But not without a sacrifice could such a respite be purchased!

Prophetic were the fears of Lady Somerton. The faithful Ralph immured himself in the secret chamber, and she re-

mained in trembling prayer within the chapel. The reverend fathers joined in her devotions, for so far did they adhere to their original plan, that they determined on joining the hapless Perkin at a spot where they had appointed to meet after sunset. But for a while we must follow Sir Hugh to the east-chamber.

On his return home he had hastened to that favourite apartment, and his hand was actually on the spring which would have opened the way to the secret retreat, when Sir Pierre Brandon was announced. Ostensibly he came to pay a visit of civility, but the mask was quickly thrown off, when, raising a whistle to his lips, one shrill note filled the room with soldiers, who, in the king's name, had orders to search the mansion for the traitor! Ere, however, a sword was drawn, he offered a free pardon to Sir Hugh, for all past connivance, on condition that he gave up the offender. With the chivalry of his age, and character, he would probably have refused under any circumstances to surrender the defenceless, to the strong arm of constituted authority; how then could he betray him, whom he devoutly considered his lawful sovereign! Calling loudly on the few retainers who were within hearing, he placed his back, as if by accident, against the ebony cabinet, determined to defend that entrance to the last. Soon was that gorgeous chamber the scene of death and bloodshed, for soldiers and retainers both fell in the strife. It was clear, however, that Sir Pierre had obtained some clue to the secret entrance, for to the cabinet were the soldiers' efforts directed, and, but the moment before it was forced, did Sir Hugh receive his mortal wound!

The whistle—the cry—the clash of swords—had aroused the prayerful trio in the chapel from their devotions; and now that she felt the realization of her fear, all the woman was awakened in her bosom, and though loyalty and faith towards the wanderer slumbered not for an instant, Lady Somerton began to understand the price which might be paid for them. The shortest way to the east-chamber was through the secret closet; but, alas! there was a strong reason that the entrance by the cabinet should be guarded to the last moment. Swift, therefore, as the thought which dictated her action, she fled from the chapel and crossed a court-yard which separated it from the main building. There were none to impede her, and no one did she meet but a frightened waiting-woman. Even as she rushed into the chamber, still the scene of mortal contention, the rude soldiers instinctively made way for the wife to pass,—and almost at the moment that Sir Hugh received his death-wound, and the secret door yielded, his beloved Edith sank upon his bosom, and unconscious of his state, whispered in accents only intelligible to him, the flight of Perkin.

When the door opened, honest Ralph, with arms a-kimbo, presented himself to the intruders; but the jest and the jeer, which as a privileged person, hovered on his lips, were driven back by the sight he beheld. And while the soldiers, no longer impeded, ransacked the secret passages of the house, Ralph, the jester, and two or three of the faithful servants who had remained unharmed through the conflict, conveyed their master, at his urgent request, through the chamber so lately tenanted by " The

White Rose" (as his followers proudly called him), to the old chapel we have mentioned already. It was the age of romance in love, and superstition in religion, and even at that moment, when the brave Sir Hugh felt assured that his life-blood was ebbing away, he asked that his soul might quit its prison of clay in a consecrated place, and the parting gaze of his beloved Edith might meet his own, on the spot where their marriage vows were solemnized. Scarcely an hour did he survive, but the reverend fathers who had come at his bidding for so different a purpose, had time to offer him the last consolations of religion; and on his father's tomb, supported by the arm of the faithful Ralph, and solaced—as love can solace, even such an hour—by the presence of Edith—the sacrifice to loyalty was completed!

The remainder of Perkin Warbeck's career, and his ignominious fate at last, belong to history; and this is not the place to moot his pretensions to be called "The White Rose of York." Certain it is that he had partizans among the regal—nay, the Plantagenets themselves—and among the noble, the wealthy, and the wise. They must have had better opportunities of judging of his claims, than can be found by the reflected light of the records which remain; and allowing for the fallibility of human judgment, and yet more largely for the party interests of the period, it is not difficult to understand the sincere belief in his identity, which his followers undoubtedly entertained. And, alas! Plantagenet or Fleming, many were the *sacrifices* to the last banner blazoned with the White Rose!

C.

MARY AND THE MOSSY OLD STILE.

BY J. E. DUNCAN.

Do ye know where I first saw my Mary,
The sunny-eyed rosy-cheeked fairy,
With her long silken hair, and her bosom so fair,
And a smile—of that smile be ye wary!
With her long silken hair, and her bosom so fair,
And a smile—sweet the smile of my Mary!

On her head was that dear gipsy bonnet,
Blue-bell, rose, and lily upon it;
But scarce were they seen for the laughing eye's sheen,
And the lovely sweet face of my Mary!

O, see you yon mossy old stile there?
O, I first saw her soft gentle smile there,
O, 'twas that sweet smile did my bosom beguile,
For sweet is the smile of my Mary!

Dear to me is yon mossy old stile there,
For O, my young heart she did wile there,
But I know she'll be true, or else I might rue
That stile, and that smile, and that Mary!
For I know she'll be true, or else I might rue,
That stile, and that smile, and that Mary!

SONNETS

FROM A BRITISH-INDIAN EXILE TO HIS DISTANT CHILDREN.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

I.

My spirit sickens in this solitude —
Home is no longer home, — yet eloquent
Are these lone walls of by-gone merriment —
The noisy pranks of that dear beauteous brood
That call me *father!* Memories sad intrude,
Like silent ghosts, where late the air was rent
With shouts of joy — where merriest hours I spent
With merriest playmates in their merriest mood!
Dear human links that bind me to life's oar!
Sweet stars that pierce the dark cell of my heart!
Clearer than in a glass e'en now before
Mine eyes ye come, as when so grieved to part
I shed the bitter tear: — ah! Fancy's art
Transcends the wondrous skill of wizards hoar!

II.

Not mirrored shapes — realities ye seem!
Sweet ones! at this sad moment I behold
What never famed Italian painter old

Hath rivalled, or the poet's printed dream —
A living picture! She, whose soft eyes gleam
With gentle love—who coy, but ah! not cold,
Drops their fair lids when strangers' looks are bold—
Sits at the side of one whose bliss supreme
Is all maternal. To that mother's knee
The youngest girl half-pleased, half-frightened flies.
For lo! my cherub boy with innocent glee
Masks his frank features for a gay surprise!
Loud laughs the second-born:—her charms are three—
Rose cheeks, and cherry lips, and violet eyes!

III.

I hear the waves upon the sad sea-shore —
And ah! my visionary group hath fled!
To me those dear existences are dead;
For distance is a death that all deplore
Who part as we have parted, never more
To meet as we have met — alas! instead
Each with a sadder heart, a graver head —
So different though the same! — Perchance before
Their cottage white my prattlers are at play!—
I hear the waves upon the sad sea-shore!
Those billows roll between us, — who shall say
They 'll bear my treasures back — that they 'll restore
A family to a father, weak and gray,
Who soon must sleep beneath earth's grassy floor?

THE VOICE OF THE NEGLECTED.

BY MRS. GODWIN.

A WILD and melancholy voice went thrilling through the bowers
Where hung on many a drooping spray, the wan autumnal flowers ;
The birch-tree's silvery stem was tinged with sunset's crimson blush,
When that complaining voice disturbed the solemn evening hush.

It said, " I once was beautiful, endowed with perfect grace,
My fragrance filled the air around in this secluded place ;
The ruby stain my petals wore no cunning could impart,
The dew-drop glittering there outshone the finest gem of art.

" I might have wreathed the festive hall or crowned the sparkling wine,
I might have decked an altar proud, with that rich bloom of mine,
I might have bound a warrior's brow, 'mid laurels clinging there,
I might have lent another charm to maiden young and fair ;

" But here I perish in the shade while ruthless winds sweep by,
And one by one my leaflets fall in dull obscurity :
The sweetness this frail breast inurn'd, unheeded was poured forth,
Dishonour'd ev'n as I had been a vile weed nothing worth."

Thus wailed the voice; and thus, how oft! neglected and forlorn,
Pale Genius, where no ear attends, o'er blighted hope doth mourn.
Vain seems the boon of life, yet death has gloomier terrors still
For one who yearns to win a name whose sound all time should fill.

Peace, murmurer, peace! and oh! believe 'tis better far to dwell
Unknown amid sequester'd shades—within earth's lowliest cell
Than idly in the world's false glare to flaunt your short-lived day,
By turns an idol and a slave,—then spurned and cast away.

THE STRANGERS.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Nay, part not so with distant air, thou cold and stately one,
For in thy mirror'd mind I see an image of my own!
Thy words have found an echo in my being's depths, and mine,
I dare to think, thou sister soul! have echoes found in thine.

O! if we twain did meet in some far-off and lonely isle,
Where never flower did scent the earth, and never sunbeam smile,
Where never voice was heard to break the stillness of the air,
Save of the tyrant sea that held us hopeless captives there:

Wouldst thou not fly to greet my step? Wouldst thou not wildly
cling
Even to an arm that could to thee nor hope nor succour bring?
Wouldst thou not thank, with bursting heart, the Providence that
sent
A brother and a friend to share and sooth thy banishment?

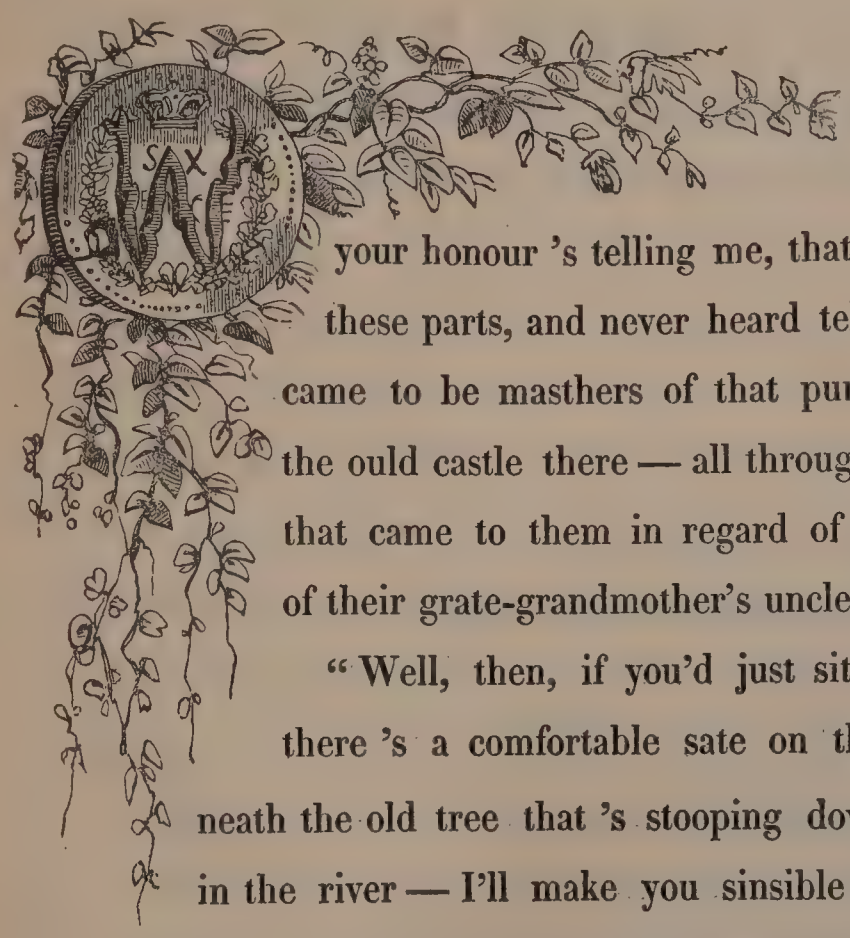
Alas! there are more lonely scenes amid the worldly crowd,
And desert isles more drear than aught the wastes of ocean shroud:
Nor scent of flower, nor light of day, nor song upon the wind,
Nor love, nor pity can relieve the solitude of mind!

And even now the lights grew dim beneath my dreaming eye,
The music died, and yon gay throng, like phantoms flitted by,
When thou, thou lone one! didst appear, to cheer with kindred
smile,
And break the silence cold and dread that wrapp'd my desert isle.

Thy voice seemed link'd with other years, a well remembered tone,
Thy heart a mystic language spake familiar to mine own,
Till madly yielding soul and sense to the enchantment blest,
I could have clasp'd thee in my arms, and wept upon thy breast!

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY, (LATE MISS M. A. BROWNE.)



HY then, is it possible that it 's truth your honour 's telling me, that you lived so long in these parts, and never heard tell how the Horrigans came to be masthers of that purty farm, just beyant the ould castle there — all through the luck and grace that came to them in regard of the Lucky Sixpence of their grate-grandmother's uncle, Tim Malone?

"Well, then, if you'd just sit down a bit, — and there 's a comfortable sate on that round stone, beneath the old tree that 's stooping down to look at itself in the river — I'll make you sinsible in the peeling of a potaty how it all came to pass, and every thing about it.

"You see, in them days the old Castle of Carrigrohan, though it 's standing now so bare and desolate-like, was a fine big house, elegantly furnished out with glass in the windys, and carpets and curtains, and every kind of convaniency. Sure it must have

been a beautiful place in them times, furnished up as I said fit for the Lord Lafetinant, and ladies and gintleman, and piping and dancing, and the hoith of good eating and drinking beside. In those days the castle was belonging to the Barretts of Ballincollig — that is, they got it aither by fair manes or foul, I am not sure which, for they had the bad drop in them, not being altogether Irish, though they were many years living in the country. But the grate Macarthys, the ould ancient people, that used to own it, were all dead and gone, and the Barretts took possession of it, and where in the wide world was the use of any body disputing it with the like of them, who had money and friends, and a whole army of people, both foot and horse, to take their part? A ranting, fighting, ungodly set they wor, all but one of them, and he, by all accounts, was the handsomest, bravest young man that ever was known. He was the youngest son of the ould man that was then in it, and the darling of the world to all the country round, for while his father and his two brothers were fighting and tearing, and oppressing, and doing as they liked with all about them, 'tis he was kind and civil to every one, comforting with kind words and charity the very poor cratures that the others wor ravaging and distressing in every way they could. Some thought he should have been a priest, for the true religion was in his heart; but, maning no disrespect to the clergy, he had a boulder spirit than to join the like of them, not to spake of a kindness he had for a poor little *girleen* called Grace Connor, an orphan relation of his mother. It was not much they had to look forward to, indeed, for old Barrett was the very

divil himself, and could not abide masther Philip, as the young man was called, on account of his soft and tender heart. But there never was truer lovers in the world wide than them two; and when poor Philip would be nigh-hand heart-broken, with the usage he got, he would go into the garden, may be in the moonlight, and there would be Grace Connor clasping her purty white arms round his neck, and sobbing on his bosom, till he would be forced to lave off grieving for himself, and try and comfort *her*.

"Well, you see this could not go on for ever. There was a dreadful quarrel amongst them all at last, and the ould man laid his curse and his heavy hatred for ever upon Masther Philip, because he would not go with his brothers to help and carry off a grate heiress that lived up at Carrigadrohid, and marry her to the eldest, whether she would or no. One word brought up another, and in the end Masther Philip declared he would bear their bad treatment no longer, but would join the English, that was fighting in furrin parts; and the ould masther said he might go and welkim, and a good riddance of him into the bargain. May be, if the poor fellow had thought upon the sweet face of Grace Connor at the minute, he would not have been so stiff, nor so ready to banish himself in that way, but his passion fairly got the better of his reason. By the time he came to himself he saw one servant packing up his clothes in a bundle, and another cleaning an ould saddle and bridle for his use, and his father himself with a purse of guineas in his hand, and a grin on his face that the divil might have envied. Small thanks to

him for the guineas any how, when as I told you, he got them by the hoith of villainy, and was giving them to get the only dacent boy in his family sent out of the country.

"A sorrowful parting had Grace Connor and Philip Barrett, amongst those trees that you may see hanging over the deep water, *Poul an Iffrin* there, just opposite to us. A quare story I could tell you about that same place, (*Hell Hole* is its name in English,) and about a big eel that lives down below, keeping guard over a box of gould and diamonds; but it's getting late and might keep you too long. Pretty Grace Connor cried till her blue eyes were swelled up, and her heart felt dying away, and when Philip asked for a lock of her hair, a beautiful curl she cut off, never minding that she took it from right above her white forehead, and then searching her pocket, (for in those days the *girleens* did not keep their little money and handkerchers in little *dawny* bags that they would always be losing and laving after them,) out she pulled a sixpence. May be it was all she had, for she was but a poor relation, doing the work without the wages of a servant, but at any rate it was a sixpence, and a mighty remarkable one, too, for it was crucked, and besides, had a small *crass* cut deep in the one side of it. 'Keep it for my sake, Philip *asthore*,' she sobbed, with tears running down her cheeks in rivers, 'and if ever you come back from amongst the heathens abroad, and shows me that sixpence, I shall know you was true to your love for your poor Grace.' She tried to smile through her tears, but that only made her cry the more, and at last, Philip, kissing her cheeks and lips again and again, gently

removed her arms from about his neck, and laying her softly down on the green grass, hurried off, scarcely daring to hope or believe that he would ever see her beautiful face again!

"'Tis little of a 'God speed you,' he got from aither father or brothers as he mounted his horse; but just as he was starting, the ould man that held the stirrup for him could not help crying out the 'Lord bless and purtect him,' and with that all the servants that had gathered in the court-yard to see him off, and who dared not for their lives say a word before, though they wor breaking their hearts for him, set up a great shout of prayers and blessings in spite of the masther's frowns, and Philip Barrett rode off as fast as he could, for he did not wish them to get anger for his sake.

"This, you understand, happened on the morning the young man had come to an open quarrel with his father, and being early, he did not meet many on the road. He travelled on a mile or so towards Cork before he saw the sign of a living creature, and then he met two men who worked up at the castle—one called Jerry Nulty, the other Tim Malone, I told you of before. Of course, he stopped his horse to speak to them, for he was never too proud to speak to a poor man, and a terrible '*willilu*' they made when they hard he was laving the country for good. However, he bade them farewell as cheerily as he could, and they went on their way, sorrowful enough to think that the best friend the poor had in them parts was, as it were, driven out of his own country. So they went on, hanging down their heads and heart-scalded enough you may be sure, when on

a suddent Tim Malone saw something glitter on the road in the bames of the rising sun. He crossed over and picked it up, and what should it be but a crucked sixpence, yet as white and clane as if it was just coined, and, as you may guess, the very sixpence that Grace Connor had given that morning to Philip Barrett. *He*, poor lad, never missed it till he got to Cork, and there he heard of a ship, starting that very day from Cove, for the place abroad he wanted to go to, and he had bare time to get himself and his horse on board the vessel before she sailed. So he had to put up with his loss as well as he could, and console himself with the lock of goolden hair that was lying safe in his bosom.

"When Tim Malone found the crucked sixpence, he first spoke of laying it out in *tay* or tobacky, or whatever it might be that took his fancy. But Jerry Nulty, who was reckoned a knowledgeable man, begged and prayed he would keep it, as parting with it would be sure to bring him the worst of ill luck.

"'Isn't a crucked sixpence a *lucky sixpence*, Tim, *ma bouchal?*' says he; 'I never knew one that kept one of them yet that ever was without money.'

"So Tim let himself be persuaded, and he put the sixpence carefully away in a nate little box, and laid it over the door, for he thought if it was to bring him luck, it couldn't be in a better place.

"For seven long years Tim kept the sixpence, though often enough he was nigh spending it when he had not another penny in the world. But as he was a lone man, and no little children

or pale-faced wife to spend it for, he always repinted when he took the box down, and saw the little bright sixpence that he had so long, lying there. It seemed to grow into an old friend, and he used to remark that though it had not brought him much luck yet, it might before all was done, and long afterwards people used to say Tim was surely a prophet.

"In the meantime great changes went on at Carrigrohan. Old Barrett's eldest son took a whiskey fever and died, and Dennis his next brother of course became heir to the estate. Grace Connor was grown from a mere little slip of a girl into a tall, fine, handsome woman as ever the sun shone on, and what was better still, she wasn't *poor* Grace Connor any longer, but had come into a fine fortin, of I couldn't tell you how many thousand pounds, all left her by a cousin of her own mother's, who died in the Inges, and being in hard money, and lodged in safe hands, it was out of the reach of the Barretts, which made them mad to think of. So, as it was not to be come at by any of their usual roguery, they tried what coaxing would do, and did their best to flatter Grace into marrying young Dennis Barrett. Philip, I should tell you, had never been hard of since the misfortunate morning he went away, and almost everybody supposed the poor young gentleman had been surely killed in the wars. Grace Connor, however, would not believe it, though her heart was sinking, sinking, every day, as weeks went over and still no word of Philip. At last they managed to flatter her out of a promise that if there was no news of Philip, living or dead, in a year and a day more, she would become the wife of Dennis Barrett.

Dennis was forced to seem content, but he did all he could to make her shorten the time, for he had got private word that Philip *was* alive, and might perhaps be home that year, and he was fit to be tied when he thought of his coming before the wedding was over.

"As for Grace, the promise was scarce out of her lips before she repinted it, but she was too much frightened of old Barrett to say so; so she went on, growing thinner and paler every day, till by the time the last month of the year came, you could hardly tell whether her face or her white gown was the whitest. Any body but Dennis Barrett would have pitied and released her when she was fading away before his eyes, but as it was nothing but her money he cared for, he was only in dread that Philip would be home or she in her grave before the year and day was over. And sure enough, just a fortnight before too late, who should walk into them alive and hearty, but Philip Barrett himself. He was sunburned and changed in his looks, but Grace knew him in a minute, and had almost fainted from the bare joy. Of course Dennis and the rest of them had to seem glad to see him, though all the while it was 'the divil welkim you to us' they wor saying to themselves.

"Now after such a joyful meeting, and Philip come home with money in his pocket, and Grace besides with enough for both, would you not think there was no more to do but jest send over for the priest, and marry the lovers out of hand? But I often remarked that when people have most reason to be happy, they contrive to make themselves miserable, and so it was with Grace

and Philip. Grace was a sweet kind-hearted creature as ever lived; but then there is no perfection, and sure she would have been too good altogether if she hadn't had a little bit of jealousy in her temper. And Dennis Barrett got hold of some story about a lady in furrin parts, who had been in love with Philip, on account of his having saved her from robbers or something of the kind, and from less to more he made Grace almost believe that Philip had forgotten her, and fallen in love with the hathen lady, and only come home hot foot when he hard of her getting the fortin, and all the time the villyan of the world was purtending that he didn't want to press his own claim on her, and only told her out of the hoith of kindness, and for fear she would be deceived. And one unlucky day it came into her head to ask Philip to show her the sixpence she gave him at parting, 'For,' said she, 'I would not believe the sons of men you didn't give it away to that furrin woman,'

"'Indeed, Grace, darling,' said Philip, 'I wish you had asked for your beautiful curl which I have here safe, next my heart, where I ever kep' it night and day since I parted you; but as to the sixpence, however you may blame me, I lost it going to Cork the very day you gev it me, and in coorse can't have it to show you now.'

"I cannot tell you all that passed after this, but from less to more they came to a quarrel, and Grace went so far as to say that if Dennis had the sixpence instead of Philip, he'd only have parted it with his life. Philip got mad when he heard her say that, and muttered something about laving her to Dennis alto-

gether as she was so fond of him, and such a *'ruction* as was in consequence was never seen. Of coorse the like of that couldn't be kept from the servants, and at last the news came to the ears of Tim Malone, that the lovers had quarrelled, and all about a sixpence.

"'Sure is it all for a sixpence?' says he. 'The never a bit myself believes there 's luck or grace in a crucked sixpence after that, and here I've kep' one I found these seven years, and it 's only poorer and poorer I'm getting,—the cow dying, and not a pig that wasn't druv for rent. It 's no longer I'll keep ye, ye unlooky crucked disciple that ye are,' says he, and with that he took down the box I told you of, and was going to heave it into the fire, sixpence and all, when who should walk in but Jerry Nulty, and Tim stopped his hand till he'd tell him the story.

"'Why, ye grate *omadhaun*,' says Jerry, beginning to laugh, 'don't you see that yours *is* the lucky sixpence after all? Arn't you sensible that it must be the very sixpence Masther Philip lost on the blessed morning he went away, for didn't we meet him on the road, and find it just behind him there? Up with you this minnit to the Castle, and I wouldn't wonder what would happen you if what I say is true.'

"Faith, my dear life, it was the very sixpence itself, and Masther Philip knowed it the moment he set eyes on it. So did Grace Connor, and they made up the quarrel, and she married Masther Philip that day month; and out of her own fortin, she bought that nate little farm from ould Barrett, and built that purty house on it, and there she settled Tim, and he brought

home his poor niece, Anty Horrigan, who was a widdy with five childer, and grate-grandmother to the present Horrigans. Ould Barrett died in the fall of that year, and Dennis followed his example the spring after, of the same illness as his elder brother, that is, from taking to strong punch to console him for the loss of Grace, and Father Matthew not being then born to be a blessing to the country, as he is at this present. By the same token here is *the medal* which I wore these three years come Candlemass, but that has nothing to do with my story; so I wish your honour a good day."

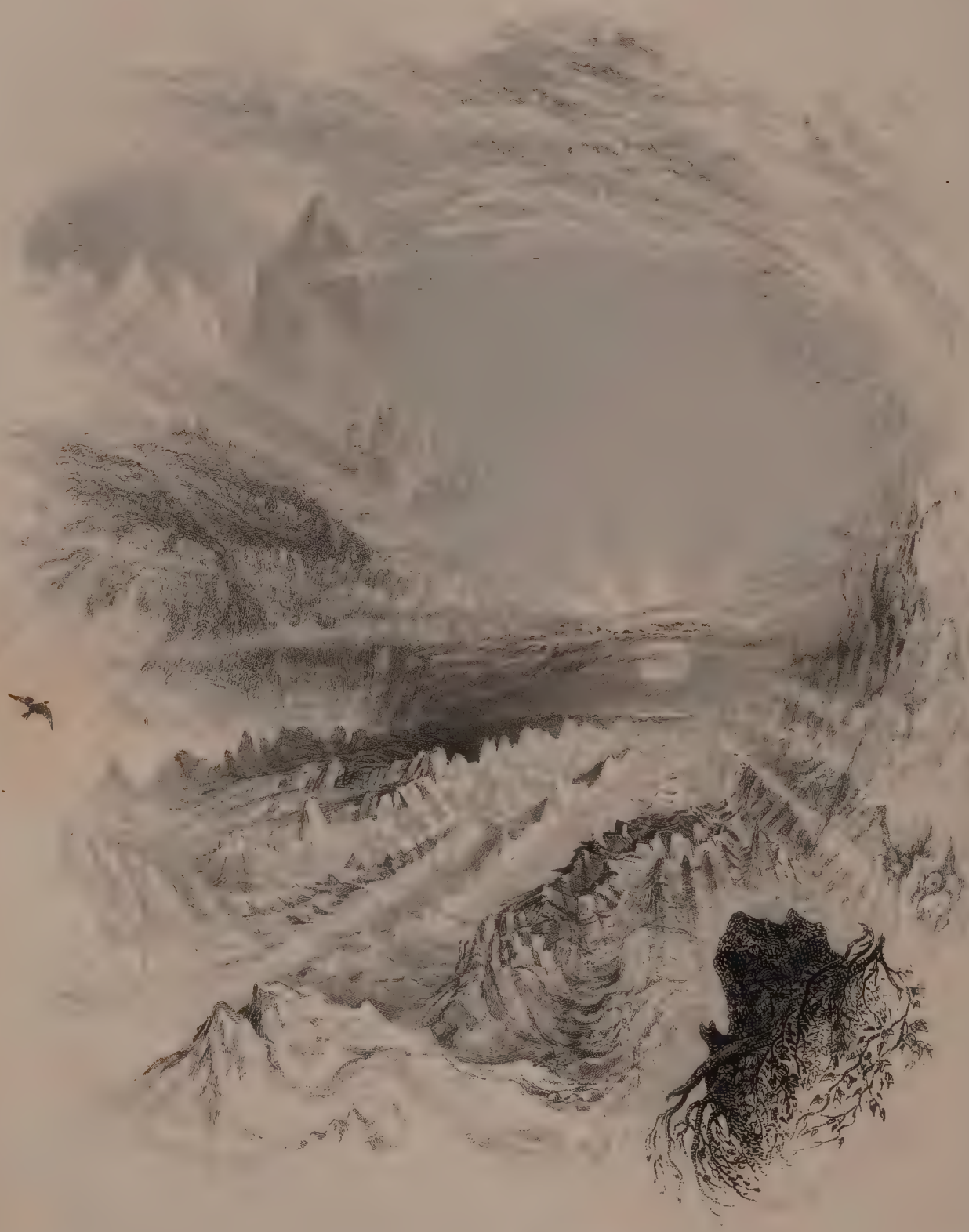
SONNET.

"God of the living is the God—the dead
Are subjects of no empire"—but can *they*
Who from our aching sight have passed away,
And with the shroud, pale glimmering o'er their head,
Forth on their lonely pilgrimage have sped,—
Can they have ceased to be, whose wonted sway
With saddened reverence we yet obey,
Thoughtful the path they would have traced to tread?
They come no more,—then wherefore, self-severe,
Should memory note, alas! with anguish vain,
Each word impetuous and each glance austere,
A gentler care had taught us to restrain,
Lived they not still, the sanctified and dear,
Where we, with love improved, shall meet to love again?

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

BY L. E. L.

The white plume was upon his head,
The spur upon his heel,
The trumpet rang upon his ear
With a note the dead might feel.
Before him lay a gallant host,
His own, his bannered line,
Where from a thousand silver shields
Flashed back the morning's shine.
He sat upon his raven steed
As a proud ship curbs the deep;
One instant yet he reined his horse —
He heard his lady weep.
"What, weepest thou, lady mine!" he said,
"And thou a soldier's bride!
Dearer should be his fame than aught
In the whole world beside."
"Away!" she cried; "these are not tears
That fall for thee or me —
I weep our infant boy, too young
To fight or follow thee!"



Published by Smith, Elder & Co 65, Cornhill.

A WALK IN CHAMOUNI.

Together on the valley, white and sweet,
The dew and silence of the morning lay:
Only the tread of my disturbing feet
Did break with printed shade and patient beat
The crispèd stillness of the meadow way;
And frequent mountain waters, welling up
In crystal gloom beneath some mouldering stone,
Curdled in many a flower-enamelled cup
Whose soft and purple border, scarcely blown,
Budded beneath their touch, and trembled to their tone.

The fringèd branches of the swinging pines
Closed o'er my path; a darkness in the sky,
That barred its dappled vault with rugged lines,
And silver network,*—interwoven signs
Of dateless age and deathless infancy;
Then through their aisles a motion and a brightness
Kindled and shook—the weight of shade they bore
On their broad arms, was lifted by the lightness
Of a soft, shuddering wind, and what they wore
Of jewelled dew, was strewed about the forest floor.

* The white mosses on the meleze, when the tree is very old, are singularly beautiful, resembling frost-work of silver.

That thrill of gushing wind and glittering rain
Onward amid the woodland hollows went,
And bade by turns the drooping boughs complain
O'er the brown earth, that drank in lightless stain
The beauty of their burning ornament;
And then the roar of an enormous river
Came on the intermittent air uplifted,
Broken with haste, I saw its sharp waves shiver,
And its wild weight in white disorder drifted,
Where by its beaten shore the rocks lay heaped and rifted.

But yet unshattered, from an azure arch*
Came forth the nodding waters, wave by wave,
In silver lines of modulated march,
Through a broad desert, which the frost-winds parch
Like fire, and the resounding ice-falls pave
With pallid ruin—wastes of rock—that share
Earth's calm and ocean's fruitlessness.†—Undone
The work of ages lies,—through whose despair
Their swift procession dancing in the sun,
The white and whirling waves pass mocking one by one.

And with their voice—unquiet melody—
Is filled the hollow of their mighty portal,
As shells are with remembrance of the sea;
So might the eternal arch of Eden be
With angels' wail for those whose crowns immortal

* Source of the Arveron.

† παρὰ θῖν' ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο.—ΙΛΙΑΔ. Α'

The grave-dust dimmed in passing. There are here,
With azure wings and scymitars of fire,
Forms as of Heaven, to guard the gate, and rear
Their burning arms afar,—a boundless choir,
Beneath the sacred shafts of many a mountain spire.

Countless as clouds, dome, prism, and pyramid
Pierced through the mist of morning scarce withdrawn,
Signing the gloom like beacon fires, half hid
By storm—part quenched in billows—or forbid
Their function by the fullness of the dawn:
And melting mists and threads of purple rain
Fretted the fair sky where the east was red,
Gliding like ghosts along the voiceless plain,
In rainbow hues around its coldness shed,
Like thoughts of loving hearts that haunt about the dead.

And over these, as pure as if the breath
Of God had called them newly into light,
Free from all stamp of sin, or shade of death,
With which the old creation travaileth,
Rose the white mountains, through the infinite
Of the calm, concave heaven; inly bright
With lustre everlasting and intense,
Serene and universal as the night,
But yet more solemn with pervading sense
Of the deep stillness of omnipotence.

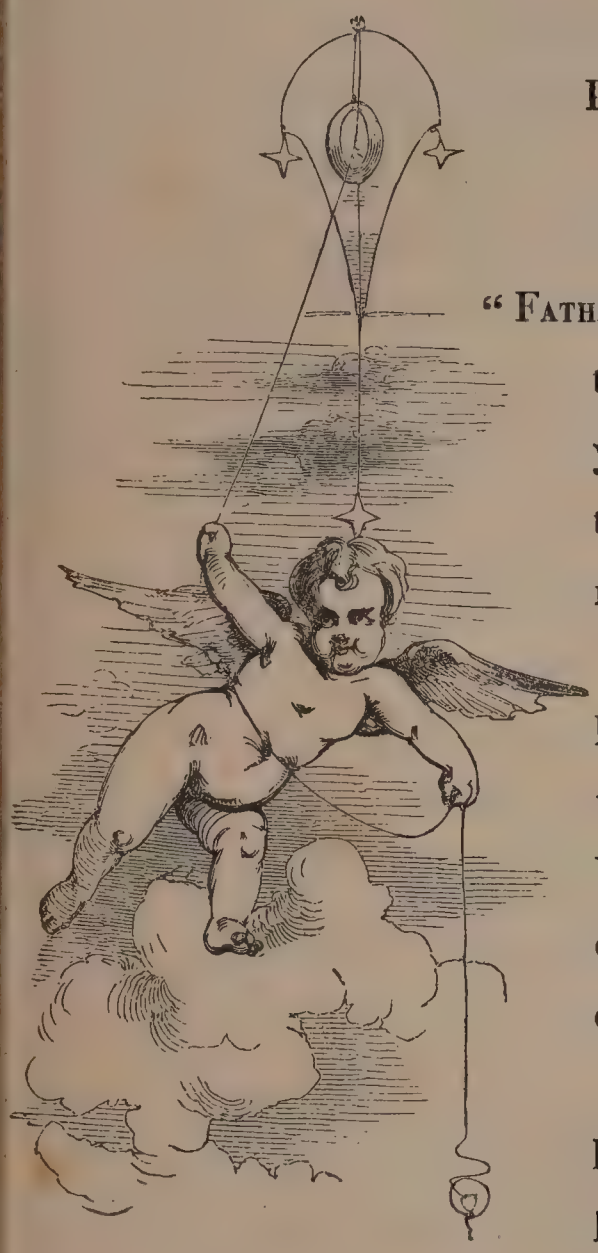
Deep stillness! for the throbs of human thought
Count not the lonely night that pauses here,
And the white arch of morning findeth not
By chasm or alp, a spirit, or a spot,
Its call can waken or its beams can cheer:
There are no eyes to watch, no lips to meet
Its messages with prayer—no matin bell
Touches the delicate air with summons sweet;—
That smoke was of the avalanche;* that knell
Came from a tower of ice that into fragments fell.

Ah! why should that be comfortless—why cold,
Which is so near to Heaven? The lowly earth
Out of the blackness of its charnel mould
Feeds its fresh life, and lights its banks with gold;
But these proud summits, in eternal dearth,
Whose solitudes nor mourning know, nor mirth,
Rise passionless and pure, but all unblest:
Corruption—must it root the brightest birth?
And is the life that bears its fruitage best,
One neither of supremacy nor rest?

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxford.

* The vapour or dust of dry snow which rises after the fall of a large avalanche, sometimes looks in the distance not unlike the smoke of a village.



PLIGHTED TROTH.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Fathers have flinty hearts,—no tears can move them," said a dark-eyed sentimental-looking young man, after relating at full length the terrible fact, that his respected sire had refused his consent to his immediate marriage.

"And uncles are much worse," said the lady of his love; "I have always detested uncles since I read the Children in the Wood: uncles and guardians are individually disagreeable, and what may not be expected when they are united in one?"

"Nothing very appalling," said a quiet lady-like person, *un peu passée*, who sat knitting in the back ground; "our uncle was my guardian as well as yours, Ella, and you know that, although I have possessed my legal liberty eleven years, I have voluntarily continued to make his house my home."

"But you have no heart, and never had one," said Ella Winfield; "and my uncle's son was a school-boy when you were

a ward, and you had no fear of being trepanned into a marriage with him."

"Neither need you," said Cousin Kate, as she was generally called: "Edward Arnold has never even seen you; when you came to reside with his father he was in Portugal."

"And is it not very odd that he should be returning just now?"

"Not at all; he has terminated the business which took him abroad, and of course his father is desirous of his society and his services in England."

"Well, it appears to me very dreadful to marry the son of one's guardian."

"Nevertheless," said Cousin Kate, "many wards have thought differently. Miss Burney's Cecilia for instance, whom I doubt not you will admit as far higher authority than any damsel in real life, married the son of her guardian, and gave up her large fortune to be united to him. But you must not be alarmed, Mr. Medwin," she continued, turning kindly to the dark-eyed young man, "at Ella's visions of horror; we will guard her in perfect safety for you."

"Cruel mockery!" exclaimed Medwin, striking his forehead after the most approved melo-dramatic fashion. "I shall fall a broken-hearted victim to the tyranny of my father."

"Surely I misunderstand you," said Cousin Kate; "I had imagined that your father and Mr. Arnold had given their consent to your union with Ella, provided that at the end of six months each party continued in the same mind."

"But how are we to exist during this tedious age of separation?" asked Medwin: "we are prohibited from corresponding with each other, and we are not to be suffered even to consider ourselves engaged."

"There is nothing in a name," said Cousin Kate; "if your attachment should continue to the end of six months, it will be of little importance whether your relatives recognized your engagement or not."

"*If* it should continue," exclaimed Medwin, reproachfully, "how unfeeling a doubt!—but you, Ella, do me more justice."

"I do," replied Ella, in tears; "we have plighted our troth to each other; and this must be our consolation in absence. I hope I shall live to receive your permitted visit at my uncle's house this day six months, if not—"

"I shall not long survive you," said Medwin.

Cousin Kate continued knitting with great apathy during the whole of this affectionate colloquy; but Ella did not resent her want of feeling. Cousin Kate was thirty-two, and the beauty of seventeen concluded that she had outlived all sentiment and sensibility; besides, she retained no girlish airs and graces; she sported half caps, half-high dresses, and numerous other appointments, which are considered characteristic of the "half young lady;" she had passed, two years ago, from the "beautiful" of book-muslin and roses to the "sublime" of black satin and blond, and her young friends had stamped her with the dreaded title of an old maid. To Cousin Kate, however, the appellation brought no terrors, for every one knew that she bore it from choice. Men, say what we

will of them, have generally tact enough to find out the recommendations of such women as decidedly unite sound sense, sweetness of temper, and good principle; and Cousin Kate, with an indifferent person, a small share of accomplishments, and a property of a hundred a-year, had refused half a dozen of the best matches in the neighbourhood.

"How I wish you had a more sympathising friend," whispered Medwin to Ella; "but I have precisely the same trial; Sutherland does nothing but laugh at me."

"I shall always value Mr. Sutherland," said Ella, "because he introduced you to our acquaintance; but, alas! he cannot understand you. I have no doubt he speaks on the subject exactly like Cousin Kate, and thinks the conduct of your father and my uncle every thing that is just and considerate."

"Precisely so," answered Medwin, with a sigh. "When people advance in years, they confound all distinctions of right and wrong, and lose all sense of trouble or pleasure;—but would we exchange our feelings for theirs?"

"Surely not," said Ella.

> "I would not change the miseries of love
> For all the world calls happiness."

Medwin disdained to reply to Ella's apt quotation in plain prose, and forthwith responded,—

> "Know'st thou two hearts by love subdued—
> Ask them which fate they covet—whether
> Health, joy, and life in solitude,
> Or sickness, grief, and death together."

How many more hackneyed quotations the lovers might have

perpetrated, and how much more original nonsense they might have talked, it is impossible to say, had not Sutherland at this moment entered the room.

Sutherland was a good-looking, gentlemanly, middle-aged man; he had been slightly acquainted, in London, with Medwin and his father, and when he met with the former at a particularly stupid watering-place, he was glad to improve his knowledge of him, and also to introduce him to the family of Mr. Arnold, with whom he had been intimate for many years. A dull watering-place is the most favourable locality in the world for losing the heart; and Sutherland, when he saw the many enamoured pairs on the pier and cliffs could not help recalling the words of Rasselas, "Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love, when in truth they were only idle!" He felt rather annoyed, however, at Medwin's palpable devotion to Ella Winfield, having himself been the cause of their introduction to each other, and he was much relieved when the senior Mr. Medwin came down to join his son, held a conference with Mr. Arnold, and finally came to the conclusion with which my readers are already acquainted, that the young people were to undergo six months' probation before receiving formal permission to render each other happy or miserable for life.

"Medwin, your father is waiting for you; all is ready for your departure," said Sutherland. Ella sobbed bitterly, and Medwin whispered to her —

> "True constancy no time, no power can move,
> He that hath known to change ne'er knew to love."

"How long will this violent attachment last?" whispered Sutherland, with a satirical smile to Cousin Kate: "tell me—

'What day next week the eternity will end!'"

And Cousin Kate, finding that poetical quotation was the order of the day, and determined not to be outdone, looked up from her knitting, and made the Shakspearean rejoinder—

"Briefly die their joys
Who place them on the truth of girls and boys!"

Mr. Arnold took his niece a short round of the watering-places before returning home; he was really fond of her, and really wished to have her for a daughter-in-law: perhaps he liked her pretty face, perhaps her pretty fortune, perhaps the ties of kindred assisted him to be patient with her follies, perhaps he detected the good will and kindness of heart of which she was in reality possessed, beneath the outward embroidery of romance and affectation; at all events he wished to restore her spirits, and reinstate himself in her good graces. All however was in vain. Ella went to Ramsgate, and fixed herself like an enchanted lady in a chair on the beach, till she was in imminent danger of being carried out to sea in the midst of a tender reverie. At Margate she could only wonder that there were people in the world with hearts sufficiently easy, and minds sufficiently disengaged, to take pleasure in raffling for work-boxes and tea-caddies, and listening to ballads at bathing-rooms. At Herne Bay, she felt a momentary interest in going to look at the "magic car," associating it with reminiscences of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; but the

sight of the cumbrous vehicle thus elaborately designated, quickly rectified her impressions, and she certainly felt relieved when a letter from home summoned her uncle to return thither, even although it came in consequence of the sudden arrival of her much-dreaded cousin. Mr. Arnold lived about twenty miles from London; his villa and grounds appeared all space, bloom, fragrance, and comfort, after the confined lodging-house and scorching shingles of the marine desert they had quitted, and Ella could not feel quite so unhappy as she had promised herself to be. Her cousin was a handsome and agreeable young man, but so far from oppressing her with admiration, he was quite unheedful of her, and directed his whole attention to Cousin Kate; he could not mean any thing by it, he could not really be in love with a woman six years older than himself, who had been winning hearts while he was playing at marbles; but still it was provoking to be treated as a child and a supernumerary.

"I am taking my first lesson of neglect," she observed with pique to Cousin Kate, "and I do not find the study agreeable."

"Rather say," replied that lady, "that you are taking your first lesson on the folly of unjust suspicions; neither my uncle nor his son, you must allow, show any symptoms of having destined you to a marriage of compulsion."

Ella next addressed her uncle: "I am afraid my cousin Edward has taken a decided dislike to me," she said.

"Very likely he has," replied Mr. Arnold coolly; "but dislike may be sooner overcome than indifference. Take heed, Ella, how you cause him to go from one extreme to the other."

But Ella did not "take heed;" she had constantly flowers to be tended, pens to be mended, pencils to be cut, silk to be wound, and music to be copied, in all of which she craved the aid of her cousin Edward in tones so winning and persuasive, that he must have been hard-hearted indeed to have been deaf to her entreaties. His dislike was overcome; she became his favourite companion, and Cousin Kate, rivalled, but not mortified, quietly betook herself again to her books and her knitting.

Medwin returned with his father to London: it appeared a dreary prison-house to him, and the garden of Bedford Square had never seemed so insufferably dingy and dusty; he filled a quire of paper with love-fraught verses, and played none but the most doleful ditties on his flute. His sister complained that he had become a dull and dispirited companion, and protested that she felt quite an aversion to Ella Winfield for having altered him so much for the worse.

"You shall soon see my school-friend, Araminta Staples," she said to him, on the third week after his return; "papa has allowed me to invite her to stay with me, I dare say you will forget your watering-place goddess in half an hour after your introduction to her."

Piqued by this prediction, Medwin resolved to dislike Araminta Staples very much, picturing her to himself as an inveterate school girl, with red elbows, a passion for thick bread and butter, and an unremitting giggle. Miss Staples, however, proved to be

a handsome, pleasing, and unaffected girl, and her style of beauty was much more accordant with Medwin's real taste than that of Ella Winfield; she was an animated sparkling brunette, with jetty ringlets and a brilliant colour, and Medwin felt disposed to say with Lord Byron —

> "Who for paler dames would seek?
> How poor their forms appear, how languid, wan, and weak!"

Medwin's father also gave the decided preference to the claims of Miss Staples over those of Miss Winfield; her fortune was rather better; Ella had seven thousand pounds, while Araminta, as the old gentleman facetiously observed, could "stretch an octave!"—besides, her lively easy manners were very agreeable to him: she had, as he emphatically declared, "no nonsense about her," a phrase of which I profess myself utterly incapable of understanding the meaning, but which I conclude means a great deal, from the spirit and energy with which elderly gentlemen are wont to pronounce this mysterious panegyric on their favourites. Araminta, too, could "strike an octave" to the satisfaction of the son as well as of the father; not that she was more musical than Ella,—in fact she was much less so, but Ella had a fine voice, and thought her time lost in playing anything but an accompaniment to her own singing. Medwin played the flute very indifferently, and could not venture to destroy Ella's sweet and scientific singing by his performance, while Araminta, who did not sing at all, and whose playing was confined to waltzes and quadrilles, was perfectly satisfied to sit at the piano for hours, while Medwin mounted guard by her side with his

flute in his hand, accompanying her in all the easy passages, and indulging himself with a gratuitous "rest" when a difficult one happened to occur. Araminta was also very fond of poetry; Medwin looked over his quire of paper to find some effusions worthy of her attention. He gave the preference to some stanzas headed, "To her who will understand them;" but he had extolled blue eyes and auburn locks in the third and fourth lines; he could not expunge them, but he could alter the description to dark eyes and raven locks, and he forthwith did so. The verses were favourably received: Miss Staples was asked to prolong her visit, and consented to do so; the members of the family circle were perfectly cheerful and contented with each other, and the garden of Bedford Square, enlivened by the companionship of the "dark-eyed maid," appeared to Medwin a most exquisite promenade in comparison with the rough shingles and barren rocks characterising the scene of his plighted troth.

Six months had exactly elapsed since the separation of Medwin and Ella. Medwin, accompanied by his friend Sutherland, was travelling down by the railroad to the residence of Ella's uncle; no other person entered the carriage which they had selected, and they conversed in perfect freedom.

"This railroad pace is delightful for lovers," said Sutherland, glancing rather mischievously at the woe-begone countenance of Medwin.

"Delightful for true, but not for truant lovers," responded

Medwin, with a deep sigh. "After all I think I had better have written to Ella."

"I do not think so," said Sutherland; "you promised to be at Mr. Arnold's house on this day, and because you have broken your promise in a great matter, there is no need that you should break it in a small one."

"But what a confession I have to make!" said Medwin: "who could have predicted it?"

"*I* did from the very first," said Sutherland.

"It amazes me, Sutherland," said Medwin, "how you contrive to keep clear of these scrapes; my father tells me that several ladies have lost their hearts to you."

"Perhaps so," answered Sutherland; "but I have not lost my heart to several ladies; and this circumstance may account for my freedom from those embarrassments of the affections which you denominate 'scrapes.'"

Medwin was silent for a few minutes. "Suppose Ella should attempt her life," he said; "she has told me that there is a deep fish pond in the grounds of her uncle."

"Is there?" remarked Sutherland quietly; "I shall then be more than ever rejoiced that we conveyed the news of your dereliction in person, because we can both assist in extricating her from the companionship of the carp and tench."

"You make yourself very merry, Sutherland, with the misfortunes of your friends."

"Nay, Medwin, in general you accuse me of being too wise rather than too merry; but you will allow that I have cause at

present to be both merry and wise; after devoting the flower of my youth to the drudgery of a public office on a slender stipend, I have been as you are aware just rewarded to the very extent of my hopes and wishes by a situation of eight hundred a-year."

Medwin inclined his head in token of assent and congratulation, but inwardly thought that it was of very little consequence whether so confirmed an old bachelor as his friend had eight hundred or two hundred a-year to live upon. The train stopped. Mr. Arnold's house appeared in sight, and Medwin led the way to it with a pace more resembling that of a boy "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school," than the flying steps of an impatient lover anxious to prove the inviolability of his plighted troth.

Ella and Cousin Kate sat together in a pretty tasteful drawing-room opening on a verandah gay with early flowers.

"How I dread the arrival of poor Medwin!" sighed Ella; "Sir Walter Scott says—

> 'What spectre can the charnel send
> So dreadful as an injured friend?'

but an injured lover is by many degrees worse. Do you not think it likely that Medwin will challenge my dear Arnold?"

"Not at all," replied Cousin Kate, calmly; "and if he did, I am persuaded that your dear Arnold would refuse the invitation."

"I trust, however," said Ella with anxiety, "that you have fulfilled your promise to me, and directed the pistols, and the fowling piece, and the old sword over the breakfast-room mantel-shelf to be taken down and locked up."

"All is done to your wish, my dear," replied Cousin Kate; "nay, if you desire it, I will even lock up the little case of tortoiseshell pistols given to me last week by my uncle, from one of which proceeds a mother-of-pearl bodkin, and from the other a wrought gold toothpick: but hark! a ring at the garden gate; your slighted lover is advancing up the gravel walk; and now I can only offer to you by way of consolation, the hackneyed assurance that the sooner a disagreeable interview begins, the sooner it will be over."

In a moment Medwin and Sutherland were in the room; hasty and embarrassed greetings were exchanged, and Cousin Kate, kindly desirous to shorten the troubles of Ella, stepped out into the verandah, summoned Sutherland to admire with her the beauty of a plant, and led him on to a flight of steps, from whence they descended into the garden, and confided to each other the follies and frivolities of their respective young friends. Meanwhile the plighted lovers cast furtive glances at each other; the gentleman twirled his hat, and the lady applied herself to her vinaigrette.

"My feelings, Miss Winfield," said Medwin at length, "may be better imagined than described."

"So may mine, I am sure," responded Ella in a low tone.

"Dreadful!" thought Medwin, "she is more passionately attached to me than ever. Constancy," he proceeded, "is praised and respected by all; but how melancholy is the reverse, how sad is the contemplation when the heart changes, when perhaps it even transfers its affections from one object to another!"

"Alas! alas!" said Ella to herself, "he has heard of my inconstancy, and is taking this method of showing how he scorns and despises me."

"What does a person deserve," asked Medwin, "who after professing undying attachment for a first love, can in the course of a few months address the same fond protestations to a second, what, I say, does such a person deserve?"

"The scorn and abhorrence of the world," replied Ella with animation, determined not to attempt to screen herself, but to plead guilty to the most poignant accusations of her injured lover.

"Poor thing!" said Medwin aside, "she suspects that my meaning is personal, she is quite losing her command of temper ——You are right," he replied, "such conduct is indeed indefensible; 'there is no killing like that which kills the heart;' and oh! what are the woes of sickness, poverty, or blighted fortune, compared with the agony of crushed hopes, slighted affections, wounded sensibility, and wasted tenderness?—Where can the deserted one repair for consolation?—the brilliant bubbles that sparkled on the waters of existence are broken—the—"

"Spare me, spare me!" sobbed Ella, "I cannot bear to hear you; it is too much for my feelings, I could fancy I was listening to Charles Phillips."

"She really has excellent taste and discernment after all," thought Medwin, "I pity her more than ever——Believe me, Miss Winfield," he continued, "that I sincerely esteem and admire you, and although unfortunately I love another—"

"You mean that unfortunately *I* love another," interrupted Ella with spirit.

"This is not a subject for jesting," said Medwin gravely; "I take shame to myself to acknowledge that I have been for three months engaged to my sister's friend, Miss Staples,—now, dear Miss Winfield, do not grow hysterical."

But Ella's joyous irrepressible laughter had nothing hysterical about it.

"You have made me feel quite easy," she said, "respecting a confession that I am about to utter; we have been actuated by sympathetic inclinations it is certain, for just about the time you mention I accepted the proposals of my uncle's son!"

"Can I believe my senses?" exclaimed Medwin, "after all your protestations, all your vows that you could never love but me, have you given your heart to another?"

"Those vows," replied the young lady, "were breathed with still more warmth by yourself, and why should you be surprised that I have followed your example in breaking them? Cousin Kate told me from the first that I never really loved you."

"And Sutherland," retorted the young gentleman with some irritation, "assured me this day six months, that he was certain I should forget you before the new moon became an old one."

Just then Cousin Kate and Sutherland, having re-ascended the verandah, walked from it into the drawing-room, accompanied by Mr. Arnold and his son, who had joined them in the garden. Medwin exchanged a cordial greeting with his rival, and Edward Arnold inquired after the health of Miss Staples in a tone of

interest which showed that Sutherland had made him aware of the true position of affairs.

"All has turned out well," said Ella's uncle, "and I think the marriages had better take place as soon as possible; it is not fair to expose constancy to too severe a trial; I shall never place much trust in the plighted troth of young people."

"Nay," said Sutherland advancing to him, and taking the unreluctant hand of Cousin Kate in his own, "permit me from experience to say a few words in defence of true lovers' vows. Ten years ago, Mr. Arnold, I first saw and loved your amiable and excellent niece: I told my love to her, and obtained from her an assurance that she returned it, she was then emancipated from all controul, I also was an orphan, and had none to oppose my wishes, but we loved wisely at the same time that we loved well; we decided that our united incomes were inadequate to supply us with the comforts and conveniences of life; I had, however, favourable prospects of affluence; we plighted our troth, but we resolved not to expose ourselves to the prying scrutiny and obtrusive comments of our acquaintance by publicly appearing as a contracted couple; we each met with several opportunities of forming what the world calls a desirable connection, and we each declined such opportunities for the sake of the other; our letters and interviews were not frequent, but we lived in hope; and absence, although it restrained the fervour of our love, did not diminish its tenderness. I had anticipated that in five years I should have attained the situation that I now hold; I have waited double that time, but for a bride like Kate, I would have

willingly waited had the years been passed in pain and bondage. You have been contemplating two marriages, I trust you will not object to sanction a third, and that you will allow that we have carried on our courtship with as little trouble to our friends as any pair of lovers whom the county can produce."

"And have I accused you of being a confirmed old bachelor," said Medwin to Sutherland, "when you have been longing all the time to get married?"

"And have I told you that you never had a heart," said Ella to Cousin Kate, "when you had a much truer one than my own?"

"I too have many apologies to make," said the host; "I have frequently been in the habit of saying that constancy was like a ghost,—often talked of, but never seen; and I have not once had the courtesy to exempt the present company from my strictures. Henceforth, however, I shall compare it to an aloe which blooms once in an hundred years, and take great pride in boasting that my humble abode has been the theatre of its developement, and that I have this day witnessed the spectacle of a couple, who having been contracted ten years, are at length happily enabled to marry without having in the time of probation broken or wished to break their 'Plighted Troth!'"

YOUNG THOUGHTS MAKE YOUNG HEARTS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THINK not of the winter's cold
When the summer's breath is round thee;
Think not of the worth of gold
Ere its sordid wants have found thee.
Think not of the cautious art
Which guards, yet petrifies the heart;
Nor, in thy youth, with darings bold
Mix age's leaven, hard and cold;—
Old thoughts make young hearts old!

Take thy pleasure with free hands,—
Nor content thyself with viewing
Flowers and fruits, whose relish stands
As much in plucking as pursuing;
Deem not sunshine made, that thou
Shouldst bar its brightness from thy brow;
Heaven hath lent us sweetness—light—
All that's good, and fair, and bright,
As much for taste as sight!

Sorrow cometh soon enough—
  Wisely should we seize each blessing
That comes to smooth life's journey rough,
  With a joy in the possessing :—
Let our thoughts then turn as long
As e'er they can, to dance and song ;—
To every feeling that imparts
Gleeful smiles by natural arts—
Young thoughts make young old hearts !

A THOUGHT.

From the Irish.

BY S. C. HALL, ESQ.

The flowers are all sleeping, and home flies the bee ;
But Norah, my darling, I'm waiting for thee !
The birds mock my woe as they sail through the sky,
And murmuring trees only echo my sigh ;
Though Nature is calling the weary to rest,
I linger in vain for the call I love best.

No ! 'tis not in Nature to sadden the breast
That thrills with true love for her fairest and best ;
And Hope speaks in all I can hear or can see,
All sights and all sounds, for they whisper of thee ;
The young moon is rising to shine on the dew ;
I see thee, I hear thee, my tender and true.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

ADDRESSED TO ———.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'Tis a Birthday! You know whose:
One year added unto those,
Which came round so very fast,
That we *said* upon the last,
We would chronicle no more,
Till had passed another score!

Well! the sky is just as blue
As it was in former years;
Roses have the self-same hue,
And each summer flower appears
Gracefully to raise its head,
While its fragrant wealth is shed,
As when rudely from their stem
We young children severed them,
To compose a plaything wreath.
Just the same the hawthorn's breath,

As when, in the studious hour,
It had a forbidden power;
For, while stealing o'er our senses,
Thought was lured from present "tenses,"
To the shady garden plot,
Or the fields, where books were not.
There's the old clock striking ten!
Is it study hour again?
Yea! but not from grammar book,
Or in school-room's 'prisoned nook
Read we, as we ponder thus,
Of the change that is in *us!*

Yonder oak tree—not a bit
Has it grown,—I'm sure of it,
Since against its sturdy bark
Measured we our three feet height,
And indented there the mark,
Which, alas! is vanished quite.
Tell me—wouldst thou, if we could,
Recall one hour of childhood's years?
With its April smiles—and tears,
With its trembling hopes and fears;
These so little understood,
That a young child's woe, or mirth,
Is the loneliest thing on earth!

For the Future, castle-building,
With bright fancy's ready gilding,
May not be the wisest way
We can pass an hour to-day ;
But methinks 'twere quite as wise,
As to turn with longing eyes
To the years that dropp'd so fast
In that grave we call the Past.

Had I now a spirit power,
I would not recall one hour :
Earth grows richer every day
In the wealth that mind must sway.
So, though the sky is still as blue —
The summer clouds as fleecy too,—
The flowers as bright—the thrushes' note
As richly to the ear doth float,
As when our tiny footsteps strayed
In garden trim, or emerald glade,
Let us with hearts *contented* own
That *we* the only change have known !

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

The butterfly folds its downy wings,
The bat flits round the ivied tower,
The ringdove in the valley sings,
'Tis twilight's gentle hour! —
And earth is still, and skies serene,
And calmness reigns throughout the scene.

All things in nature seek repose
At this sweet hour, so calm, so blest; —
E'en zephyr quits the folded rose
And sighs itself to rest;
While at the vine-clad cottage-door
The matron's wheel is heard no more.

And from the fevering cares of day,
The *mind* should seek a brief repose;
Casting life's troubled thoughts away
At gentle twilight's close:
And peace should lull the scheming breast,
And bid the o'er-tasked spirit rest!

That rest, is not in crowded halls,
Where cheeks are pale, and lamps are bright ;—
Where the gay voice of fashion calls
With promise of delight :
Where dying odours — fading flowers
Mimic (how falsely !) Nature's bowers.

'Tis, where the glow-worm's spark is seen
Amid the hedge-row shining bright,
And gliding from its leafy screen
The fairies' path to light ;
There let me roam, at this still hour
Where inspiration's spell hath power.

Or, by the ocean's winding shore
When gentlest tides its pebbles lave,
There would I wander, o'er and o'er
Counting each rippling wave ; —
Amid such scenes 'tis sweet to live
Their peace, " the world can never give."

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LEGEND OF THE MAIDEN'S TOWER.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE, AUTHOR OF "TITIAN."

THE Thracian Bosphorus — that deep and rapid channel which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora — is studded with many a fair island. On one of the smallest of these, nearly midway in the stream, at its western termination, stands a square tower, which is now used as the plague hospital of Constantinople. Many are the traditions connected with this miniature fortalice, and extremely vague are the notices of it which travellers have been able to collect. The most current belief is that it was built by the Emperor Manuel, centuries ago, for the purpose of a double communication, with Scutari on the Asian side, and with the point of coast occupied by the Serai Bournou on the European. It is added that, when the hostile visit of a Venetian fleet was anticipated, a strong iron chain was drawn on both sides, across the entire breadth of the Strait.

Another account (far more popular among the ladies of Istamboul) is, that in this very island was the dwelling of the fair Hero, to whom Leander paid nightly visits, swimming across the Strait from Scutari—either because he had not money enough to keep a caïque of his own, or was afraid of trusting the hired caïquejhes of the time! It is alleged further, that when the lovers perished, a tower was erected on this island to perpetuate their memory, and it is sagely argued in support of this theory, that on no other grounds can Turk or Giaour account for the fact that by the name of "Leander's Tower," is the place sometimes known.

A third popular tradition is, that long years ago, a beautiful Georgian was sent to this lone tower, on a sort of honorable captivity, until the Sultan should have time to throw the handkerchief to her—that her lover found his way from their native hills, discovered her retreat, and under the cover of darkness, boldly ventured to climb into the splendid cage of his bird of beauty—that he remained with her until star flashed forth after star, lighting up the jubilee of night's royal state—that often did he repeat his visits—and that at last, when the Sultan sought the maiden, it was discovered that she had fled.

But the most romantic of all the traditions connected with what is called "The Maiden's Tower," (the Turks better know it as the Guz-Couli) is that which I shall now relate.

One of the Sultans, many a century since, was so unfortunate as not to have one daughter, though the imperial nursery swarmed with children of the other sex. The longer he was without this

blessing, the greater grew his desire for it, and deep was his joy when it was announced to him that a favorite slave had become the mother of a female child, beautiful (as the messenger figuratively declared) as the star which rises earliest and lingers latest in the heavens. So delighted was the Sultan with this intelligence, that he immediately raised the mother of the babe from an odalique to the rank of a sultana, the highest dignity he could confer.

Of course, the future fate and fortunes of this child became objects of speculation, and it appeared only natural that the Sultan should endeavour to read the future of her lot. A celebrated dervish, who had made ten pilgrimages to the Holy City, and was credibly believed to have miraculously obtained a chip of the famous and sacred Braktan, or black stone in the Kaaba, at Mecca, was summoned to Constantinople from his retreat in the Caucasian mountains, to declare what the stars might tell of the fair child's fate. Being paid a large sum ere he commenced his calculations, and promised very handsome presents if his predictions should be favourable, the holy man declared that the young Fatima should be as happy and fortunate as heart could wish her, but during the interval between her sixteenth and eighteenth years, her life would be in peril from a serpent.

The child grew up, beautiful as the poetic image which the sculptor seeks for in the marble; and all blessed her, because it was known that in her imperial father's angriest moods a word from her would subdue him into clemency. As year after year beheld the unfolding of the flower, her father saw with delight,

that seldom had earth been gladdened by a more lovely presence. She had that sweetest of all graces—the grace of gentleness. She had more of loveliness than beauty—her movements might be called features, so delicate and graceful were they. Hers was the heart and the nature which make life of value—the shrines which sanctify love and purify passion. Some one has said that the youth of woman is the very poetry of being, and he would have said so emphatically had Fatima been known to him.

The maiden approached the close of her fifteenth year, and the Sultan, her father, had the little tower in the island of the Bosphorus fitted up as her dwelling place during the next two years. Thither, whenever the cares of empire permitted, did he resort to enjoy the society of that dear child, and there, it was said, did her gentle and thoughtful spirit continue to influence the conduct and soften the heart of the Emperor of the East. It became well known that Fatima dwelt in the solitary tower, and many a petition was placed in the basket which with her own hands she drew up daily, to her eyrie,—many an offering of flowers and fruit as there deposited by the hands of gratitude.

The two years rolled swiftly on ; they reached the eve of their conclusion. The next day would see the maiden freed from the confinement in which the watchful affection of her father had placed her. Great preparations were made for her triumphant return to the beautiful home of her childhood, within sight of which the tower stands. Asia and Europe vied in rendering honour to the beautiful, the beloved. By the Sultan's command

every captive—whether for crime or debt—would be set free on the next morning. In short, seldom had the gorgeous East, with all its profuse magnificence, been so intent upon display as on this auspicious occasion.

The happy day dawned, and Fatima arose with the sun. She hurried to the little gallery which encircles the upper part of the tower, and from it could observe that on the rock below was a little basket, which, by gratitude or affection, had been left on the island as a tribute for her acceptance. She pulled it up, and found it to contain a present of fresh fruit, carefully packed in the broad and cool leaves of the vine.

Within an hour after, a boat from the opposite point where stands the garden of the Seraglio, rapidly swept across. It contained the Sultan, who hastened to offer the earliest congratulations to his daughter on her escape from the anticipated peril. He hurried to her apartment, and found her lying on a couch, as if asleep. Alas! it was the sleep of death. Among the fruit which the basket contained, an asp had found its way, and its minute bite upon her breast had destroyed the maiden and fatally fulfilled the prophecy.

This is the true legend of the Maiden's Tower, and from this, no doubt, the edifice obtained the name by which to the present day it is distinguished.

*** This story, like that of the —— Calendar in the Arabian Nights, shews the similarity between the legends of the East

and those of the West. Near Bristol are the remains of a tower called "Cooke's Folly," erected for the dwelling-place of a youth of whom it had been predicted that (like the Fatima of our tale) his life would be in peril from a serpent until the completion of his eighteenth year. The dangerous time had nearly expired, when the youth died from the venomous bite of an adder, which had accidentally been conveyed to his isolated abode in a bundle of fagots. In the South of Ireland, on the summit of a mountain called "Corrig Thierna," (the Chieftain's Rock) is a heap of stones, which, tradition says, were brought there to build a castle in which was to dwell a son of Roche, Prince of Fermoy, of whom it had been predicted that he would be drowned before his twentieth year. The child, when only five years old, fell into a pool of water which had been collected to make mortar for the erection of the mountain tower in which it was intended he should be kept, "out of harm's way," until the perilous period had elapsed! It is curious, that in each case, the prophecy appears to have brought about its own fulfilment. What a moral may be found in these old traditionary tales!

THE NIGHT-FLOWER.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

With drooping head and shivering wing, beneath a summer shower,
A fairy stood alone and sad, at midnight's dreary hour;
A loiterer o'er her daily task, last of the elfin band,
The gentle spirit sighed in vain to reach her own fair land.
Light was her labor;—it was hers to raise the blossoms up
That drooped beneath the noontide heat, and o'er each thirsty cup
To pour with light and kindly hand the soft refreshing dew,
Till buds unclosed beneath her care, and blossoms bloomed anew;

To guide the warm and wandering beam along the shadowy glade,
Till bird and butterfly rejoiced in sunshine that she made,
And roses raised their blushing heads to catch her light wings' sound;
All seemed to love the lonely one who shed such joy around.
But now the heavy rains descend upon the trembling thing;
She vainly tries her upward flight, drenched is the rainbow wing
That 'neath the moonbeam's silvery light could range the mountains o'er,—
'Tis drooping, useless, by her side, too feeble now to soar.

First to the Rose, her favourite flower, the fairy swiftly hies,
But Beauty, lulled in sunny dreams, was deaf to sorrow's sighs ;
The northern blast would pale her cheek and fade her cherished
bloom,
A friend but made for summer days, and not for nights of gloom.
The Lily every fragile bell in cold reluctance hung—
How often to her joyous song they had an echo rung ! —
Now shrouded safely in her leaves denies the comfort sought ;
'Twas not the fairy that was loved, but sunshine that she brought !

The Poppy in his gorgeous robe was wrapped in slumber dull,
And heeded not the wanderer's flight,—the lost, the beautiful ;
And thus in turns the morning friends that decked the gay parterre,
Refused the shelter that she sought in deep dejection there ;
And wearily she onward went, nor word of solace heard,
When o'er her head a stranger flower her petals gently stirred,
And bade her in her glowing cup till daylight softly rest,
Then opened wide her golden leaves, a welcome to her guest.

Sheltered within by careful love, the fairy folds her wing ;
At morn around her home of rest they marked her hovering ;
And still when fades the twilight dim beneath the midnight sky,
The Cereus opes her perfumed cup and spirits o'er it fly ;
The blossoms gratefully they guard, and rest beneath the shade,
Blest but by some benighted one, and for the lonely made,
Shrouding her deep and sweetest leaves from worldlings' careless eyes,
To cheer some wandering child of grief 'neath sorrow's gloomy skies.

CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

A Dramatic Anecdote.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

SCENE—A Room in M. Raison's House. TIME—The period occupied in the representation.

PERSONS.

M. RAISON.	AMINE.
MADAME RAISON.	THE NOTARY.
CLAUDE.	PIERROT and JAQUOT—His Clerks.

M. RAISON'S HOUSE.

Enter M. Raison, followed by Claude.

M. R. I tell you, it is all over. Madame Raison is in one of her tantarums, and this twentieth anniversary of our union is to be celebrated by her going one way, and I another, to amuse ourselves.

Claude. I am very sorry, sir.

M. R. No doubt, for Amine was to have been one at the fête champêtre. But mind me, you shall *not* marry the daughter of

that old blockhead of a notary. Children, when they come, are bad enough at the best, but I am determined that you shall not litter my house with sucking idiots. You will shortly be my partner, Claude; but although the notary must settle the arrangement of the property—there being but one in the town—we shall have nothing to do with his settlements of another kind. Do you stay at home to-day, for he may come to affix the seals, preparatory to the sale or valuation.

Claude. That cannot be, for he is going ten miles out of town, to add a codicil to an old woman's will whose sow has littered since the instrument was drawn up.

M. R. Then do what you like, but don't talk to me about it. Socrates bore with his wife Xantippe because she bore him children. I bear with Madame Raison without any motive at all, and I think I am the greater philosopher of the two.

Claude. I see the breeze has been a gale this morning—but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good! I am to have the house to myself, it seems.—Can I not persuade Amine to take compassion on my solitude? It shall be so—but there comes the genius of the storm. (*Enter Madame Raison, with bonnet, veil, &c.*) Madame and Monsieur, allow me to wish you most sincerely many, many returns of this auspicious day! [*Exit.*

Madame R. M. Raison, I have now the honour to wish you a very good morning (*curtsying profoundly*).

M. R. (*bowing*) Madame, I wish you an agreeable day.

Madame R. And I wish you as an agreeable a day as you deserve—as you deserve, sir,—there!

M. R. Keep your temper, madame, keep your temper—you may want it before the day is out.

Madame R. Keep my temper, indeed! You know I always do—it is too good to lose. If I have a fault it is in being too uniform. I am now, in spite of all my trials and miseries, just what I was twenty years ago. Have you ever seen in me the slightest difference either in disposition or conduct?—answer me that, you insensible monster!

M. R. Come, you have me there, I confess. I see not the slightest change in you, except that you are a little older, and a little fatter, and not a little —

Madame R. Well, sir, well?

M. R. (*musing*) Talking of good looks, the philosophers say that regularity is beauty, and that the harmony of the spheres is nothing else than the unchangeable order with which nature performs her evolutions. Query: how does this apply to my wife? She is as regular as the seasons—an unbroken series of sunshine, gloom, rain, thunder and lightning. She is as unchangeable as the fixed stars —

Madame R. Stars! are you at your stars again! am I a star, I wonder—or is it Madame la Bailliesse?

M. R. Don't be ridiculous. I never spoke to her but once in my life—and that was over a garden wall. Besides, she is but newly married, and loves her husband. Madame Bailliesse is a most respectable woman.

Madame R. And I am a most unhappy wife! (*weeps*) O you miracle of iniquity!—not to wait even till her honeymoon is

over! and I, your poor, neglected, miserable wife—which of us, sir, did you swear to love and cherish?

M. R. Her who swore to honour and obey.

Madame R. That was expressed but not understood. Is not a man's wife his very rib?

M. R. His spare rib.

Madame R. Well, did it not give Adam pleasure to spare his, in order to gain a consort?

M. R. That, I suppose, is why his descendants are always glad to spare theirs to this day. But I have done, madame. It is arranged that on this anniversary of our wedding (in consequence of your unchangeable and harmonious uniformity of temper) since we cannot break the connubial chain, we shall at least give it a good stretch—you going one way and I another. Or perhaps you stay at home, to hoard your temper for my reception in the evening?

Madame R. (*aside*) Why does he want to know?—I don't like that! (*aloud*) Of course I go into the country with my friends, and amuse myself as I think proper. (*aside*) No, I don't like that. It is fortunate, with all the trials I have to endure, that Providence has endowed me with more than common discernment. Up to this very morning his whole soul was in the fête champêtre, and what made him change his mind? He is now anxious to know whether I am to be at home. Oho!—but I'll spoil your wicked sport! (*aloud*) Yes, M. Raison, I shall take Amine with me into the country, where we shall be innocently happy.

M. R. (*aside*) Then Claude shall not stir a step, for I am determined there shall be no caterwauling in the fields between him and the daughter of that wretch of a notary. There is no go-between like your purling stream, and no chambermaid more dangerous than your hanging bough where every leaf is a billet-doux. They love each other, indeed,—but it is easy getting over that, as Madame Raison and I know; and although she is in favour of the match, I shall show her who is master.

Madame . What are you muttering about now?

M. . About Claude, Madame Raison. You often twit me with a breach of my nuptial duty—take care of what you are about yourself! Good morning, Madame! [*Exit.*

xdame . Nuptial duty! Claude! the base calumniator! If he had not left the room I should faint. Let me at least scream—but no, my voice is choked. This is his return for all my tenderness and devotion—the jealous-pated monster! But hold,—may not all be merely a trick to put me off my guard? He breaks off the fête; he accuses me (me!) of a breach of nuptial duty; and he is anxious to discover whether I am to remain at home. Put together this, that, and the other—what do they amount to? Villany—downright villany! But fate, which exposes me to more than common wrong, gives me more than common instinct to discover it. I *shall* be at home, M. Raison, and that more speedily than you either wish or expect:—and you shall find that there is no star in the firmament so unlucky as the eye of an injured wife! [*Exit.*

Re-enter M. Raison.

M. R. There is something here that I don't understand. I am glad of it. My reasoning powers have been thrown into confusion by that woman's tongue, and a little exercise will restore them. Nothing withstands my investigation. Give me only your data to go upon, and I will work the most abstruse question in less time than Archimedes would have taken to move the world. If Madame Raison is going into the country,—query, why has she not taken the chopine bottle with her, which still stands upon the table? If she is not going into the country,—query, what is she going to do at home? She has suddenly broken off the fête on which her whole soul has been set for six months:—query, why? Besides, her looks and words are at variance, and they usually squint one way. Common men, such as my neighbour the notary, look to effects; but these are regarded by superior spirits only as stepping stones in the exploration of causes. If you are to be at home, Madame Raison, you will very shortly have one more in the company than you look for. That is as fixed as fate. [*Exit.*

Enter Claude, watching him out.

Claude. So, they are gone at last, instinct as usual taking the lead of reason. How lucky it is, after all, that this fête has been broken off! I should have been happy, it is true, wandering in the fields with Amine by my side; but then we should have had a dozen people around us watching our happiness. My guardian is going out for the day—madame is going out for the day—the notary is going out for the day; and dear, charming Amine has

promised to come and pass the forenoon with me here, and eat and drink something nice, without a human being to interrupt our tête-a-tête, without a tree to shake its head, without a rill to murmur, without even a sheep to cry baa! at us. (*Places a collation on the table.*) There is a chicken as plump as Amine herself,—only it is cold, and she is as warm—as warm as summer, which brings out flowers and fragrance from the dull earth. This bread tries to emulate her bosom in whiteness, and is as necessary to my life as she is to my heart. This joyous wine—but hark! the word heralds her approach. She comes, my dear—charming—beautiful—

Enter Madame Raison, and Claude clasps her in his arms.

Madame R. Mercy on us! For shame, Claude! I feel as if I should faint—do give me a chair. Oh!

Claude. Forgive me, madame, I am truly grieved to have offended you. It was quite a—a—a mistake; I thought you were a—a—a—no I didn't think you were; the fact is, I expected somebody—no I didn't expect anybody but you!

Madame R. Say no more, Claude; I pity your confusion, and understand too well its cause.

Claude. How?

Madame R. (*aside*). Yes, M. Raison for once in his life was almost half right. It is clear the youth loves me, and not that little chit Amine, who ought to be sowing her sampler instead of thinking of husbands. Ought I to be too severe upon a passion so long and so religiously concealed, and now discovered only in a moment of uncontrollable emotion? No, it is not in my

nature. I am all softness and sensitiveness; and it is doubtless these attributes of my character that have interested this fine young man too deeply for his peace. (*Aloud.*) Claude, (*wiping her eyes*) I pity you! There is my hand—but don't kiss it.

Claude. Madame!

Madame R. Not a word. I cannot suffer you to speak, and I dare not myself listen. Silence, O Claude! for the saints and the destinies forbid. I can be to you no more than a—a—an elder sister—

Claude. Madame!

Madame R. It is true,—I say an *elder* sister. I am older than you, Claude, I am indeed; I declare solemnly I am; I pledge my honour to the fact and you must believe me.

Claude. I never doubted it — but what has that to do with —

Madame R. Alas, alas! this is always the way with high-spirited and ambitious youth: were I younger he could see me without emotion! Claude, you shall be my friend, my confidant; and confidential friendship between a man and a woman is tenderness without passion, love without sin, and happiness without remorse.

Claude. (*aside*) Good heavens! what can she mean? I shall go distracted. Amine may be here in another instant; and I would not have her character in the power of this merciless virago for the world.

Madame R. Claude, you have set out the table very nicely, and I cannot bear that your delicate attention should lose its

reward. I have no appetite indeed; but—that chicken—if it was particularly tender—

Claude. It is as tough as an old crow, upon my conscience!

Madame R. Well, don't be angry with yourself—disappointments will occur. You understand me too literally, dear Claude—I am not so absolutely insensible as you fear. Heigho!—are you quite sure this wine is delicately weak?

Claude. It is stronger than brandy!

Madame R. Ah naughty! then I must use the more water.

Claude. And sourer than vinegar!—(*aside*) but this ravenous old woman would eat a shark, and drink aqua fortis.—Hark! (*a knock at the door*) it is Amine, and all is over!

Madame R. (*starting up*). Good heavens! what will become of me?

Claude. Why she is as much embarrassed as I am! She is mad, and I shall be so presently.

Madame R. If my husband sees me, I'm undone!

Claude. Undone if her husband sees her in her own house!

Madame R. Never should I hear the last of his jealousy; and my supposed infidelity would be a standing excuse for his. Dear Claude, hide me—for the sake of her you love best! Put me into a closet—a cupboard—a keyhole—anywhere to be concealed!

Claude. With all my heart and soul!—but why or wherefore she should desire it surpasses my comprehension. Here is a closet that will just hold you, madame—enter, quick, quick! (*she goes in.*) And now I must take counsel with Amine as to what

is to be done—(*loud knocking*). Zounds! she is as impatient as myself! (*opens the door.*)

Enter the Notary and his clerks, Jaquot and Pierrot, in official costume.

Notary. Good morning, young sir; it is natural that you should be surprised to see me to-day, but we must affix the seals without losing an instant.

Claude. Why now? I thought there was no hurry with that form. It is inconvenient — the family are from home — I have sprained my thumb—the cat is dead—surely to-morrow will do as well.

Notary. But to-day I am called out of town, young man, on pressing affairs of state, at a moment's warning — hey, Jaquot—Pierrot?

Jaquot. In course you are.

Pierrot. Take my affidavit.

Claude. That miserable old woman's sow!

Notary. And there is no saying when I shall get back, for we dignitaries do not belong to ourselves, but the nation.

Claude. Vexation upon vexation! Make haste then, I beg, for this insignificant matter must not stand in the way of the public business. Come, gentlemen, here is a candle which I shall get lighted before you can produce your wax.

Notary. And yet, good Claude, this is no such insignificant matter as you suppose. Sit down, and let me explain. When men first congregated in society, and the human mind went groping about—hum!—O this is wine. Is it wine? Not bad.

No, not absolutely bad—but rather sweet and weak, quite a lady's tipple. It was meant for a lady, nay, no denial. Ah, you young rogue! the family are from home, eh? Never mind: when men first congregated—

Claude. Good heavens, sir, do I see a functionary of your importance drinking and talking while the nation waits? Make haste, I entreat. You see all is ready—to work in the king's name!

Notary. And so I will, my boy. I like to see young men a little enthusiastic; but we old servants of the state, though quick as greyhounds, are never in a hurry,—eh, Jaquot—Pierrot?

Jaquot. In course we are not.

Pierrot. Take my affidavit.

Notary. A nice chicken this! Delicious! Talking of chickens, how is Madame Raison? In her own house I must drink her health. Between you and me, she has a little of what her wine wants—fire, and a little of another thing it wants too—age. Ha? do you take?—ha! ha! ha! As for her husband, poor man, he is a fool—but let that pass. He thinks himself a philosopher! ha! ha! ha! Now let us proceed. (*They affix the seals.*)

Claude. How insufferably tedious they are! Madame, who hears every word, must know by this time that I deceived her as to the wine and chicken, and her suspicions are no doubt awakened. If Amine should make her appearance before her father goes, all is lost! As I live, they are sealing madame up in the closet; but wax won't imprison fire long,—ha! ha! ha! Zounds! he pockets the key—but never mind, my foot is deli-

cate enough to pick a lock like that at a moment's notice. Now, my dear sir, have you finished?

Notary. Not quite, young man: it is my duty to explain to you, as the only person at present on the premises, the law which secures the inviolability of these seals,—a law which gives to this weak arm the strength of a dozen Herculeses, and renders wax a far more secure bolt than iron. Here you see, it is made, and provided, and enacted, and commanded, and ordered, and ruled, and desired, and charged, and enjoined, that the said seals, or one of them, or any of them, or many of them, or all of them, shall not be broken, or ruptured, or fractured, or displaced, or removed, or abstracted, or taken off, till this is done by the proper legal functionary—that is I myself—in the fullness of legal time, which is exactly a fortnight hence—

Claude. O heaven help Madame Raison!—but this is a nonsensical form—only let me wait till his back be turned!

Notary. Listen, I command you, in the King's name!—under the pains and penalties to the individual who shall transgress the law, as aforesaid, of fine—imprisonment—the pillory—and the galleys! Adieu, my dear young neighbour, and present my respectful compliments to madame.

(*Exeunt Notary and his clerks.*)

Claude. O murder! murder! I am faint and giddy—I shall die upon the spot! Gracious powers! what is to be done? (*Madame Raison thrusts her head through an aperture at the top of the closet.*)

Madame R. What is to be done?—why, let me out, to be sure;

put your shoulders to the door, and burst it open, if you be a man.

Claude. Did you hear the pains and penalties?

Madame R. I heard all; but surely you will run some risk in such a cause! Fine!—imprisonment!—the pillory!—pshaw!

Claude. Ay, the pillory, dear madam!

Madame R. Insensible! is there any pillory more distressing than this?

Claude. But the galleys!

Madame R. My dearest friend, you are young,—think of what you will find me on your return, with all you admire matured by a dozen summers! And think, Claude, of the reward.

Claude. What reward, madam?

Madame R. Ah cruel! must I name it? Would you stipulate with a dove fluttering in the cage? Spare my blushes, dear youth!

Claude. By my life and honour, you will drive me mad! What the deuce should I do with your blushes if I had them? Can you not speak like a woman of this world, and advise what is to be done?

Madame R. Let me out, you young brute, then! Was it not for your sake that I crept into this odious trap? Only let me get out! I will scream till I raise the dead! I will tear down the wall! I will get out, you insensible cub, you unnatural monster, if I send all the world to the galleys!

Claude. I have hit it, madame; moderate your voice, or you will spoil all. The notary was a man of gallantry in his youth,

and is still a man of honour. I will go to him, and confess my frailty.

Madame M. Your frailty, Claude?

Claude. Yes. I will own that I took advantage of the family being gone out for the day to entertain a mistress; that I had prepared a collation for her; that she had only just arrived, and was still locked in my welcoming embrace, when hearing him at the door, I concealed her in a closet; I will implore him to return and take off the seal—

Madame R. O my reputation!—my virtuous fame!—my domestic authority!

Claude. But I shall first make him pledge his honour to turn his back as the door is opened, so that you may escape unobserved. To make all sure, I shall now close the shutters,—and so, madame, adieu for a few minutes, and in the meantime keep your courage up, and for any sake, your fury down. [*Exit.*

Madame R. He is gone, and all is dark. What a situation for a respectable matron! To be pent up in the midst of my own house, like a toad in a rock! But I see clearly enough. The collation was prepared for some new mistress of M. Raison, and Claude is his accomplice. But only let me get out, and I will foil them both. Ah! what is that?

Enter M. Raison.

M. Raison. I cannot understand this—I get more and more in the dark. Why the shutters should be closed, as if all the people were dead instead of gone out to amuse themselves, is beyond my comprehension. Query, who closed them?—and

why? Answer: it is a plot of darkness, and Madame Raison, therefore, is no doubt at the bottom of it.

Madame Raison. I knew by instinct that it was M. Raison, before he mentioned my name.

M. Raison. To be more precise in my ratiocination:—The shutters are closed—somebody must have closed them—query, who? The effect is obvious, but the question is how to trace that effect to its cause? Answer: the same person who closed the shutters will doubtless come to open them; and the best way to effect a discovery is to do nothing at all, but await what is to take place. Here are the table and chair just as I left them. (*sits down*). I don't know how it is, but this is a very pleasant smelling room. The poets talk of country air, and new-mown hay, and rose buds, but I consider that there is more fragrance within doors. I am beginning to feel hungry, as it were—hungry?—yes, decidedly hungry;—query, what o'clock is it?—Ha! what is this? A chicken as I live! and as tender as—upon my conscience, this is highly apropos. Capital—delicious!

Madame R. Now he is eating, I cannot hear a word he says.

M. R. Ah! I thought I should find some wine! Eh?—by the god Bacchus, this is from the élite of my stock! I don't understand it at all. I wish to goodness she were come. Zounds! there are *two* covers! I begin to feel uneasy.

Madame R. Soh! my gentleman is impatient—he wishes she were come—he begins to feel uneasy. But wait—wait!

M. R. Closed shutters—two covers—wine and chicken:—query, what is all this? I don't like it, hang me if I do! I

thought Madame Raison a fine woman myself twenty years ago, and I was always particular in my taste. I am a very moral man, as platonic as Plato himself; and it is a hard case at my time of life to be treated with—closed shutters, two covers, and wine and chicken! Come, I won't stand this—but hark! there is a knock—she is come at last. I will open and confront her suddenly, and we shall then see how she explains the cause of such uncommon effects.

Enter Amine.

Amine. (*throwing herself into his arms*) O dearest, how I tremble. Surely there is nothing wrong in this meeting,—and yet my heart beats as if I were committing a crime. Tell me, however, that *you* will not think the worse of me, and I shall be able to endure the reproaches even of a monitor like that. What? is there danger? Why are the shutters closed? Why do you not speak, dear love? Are you disgusted by my boldness? We are alone—Madame Raison is in the country—whisper if you dare not speak aloud.

M. R. (*aside*) Here is a discovery! It is me Amine loves, after all, and not Claude! Surely my eyes were blinded with the dust of the schools. But my wife will be here in an instant, for it is evident that Amine is not the cause of the closed shutters or the other suspicious effects.—Yes, you dear little rogue, we must be on our guard—you must not be found here—Madame Raison—

Madame Raison. I cannot imagine who the brazen slut is; but it is clear enough that she urges upon my monster that they

are alone, and that I am in the country. O, if I could but get at her!

Amine. Surely I should go home, dearest, since our plans are frustrated—believe me, it is the safest way.

M. R. Dear pretty little darling, how she dotes on me! What says Plato? Hang Plato.

Amine. My dear?

M. R. Socrates was an ass. I always thought myself a miracle of virtue, notwithstanding the suspicions of my stupid old idiot of a wife; but I now feel it, somehow or other, as it were, all melting away.—O you little roguey-poguey!

Amine. Dearest, let me go.

M. R. O you little roast chicken!—Hark!—by all that is terrible, there is Madame Raison at the door! (*a noise without.*)

Amine. O what shall I do? where shall I hide? I shall sink into the earth!

M. R. That will do no good, for she is a perfect ferret. But you must try something; go into this room—the door is fastened; into this closet then—it is locked; here is a cabinet—all shut up. What can be the cause of such effects? Our old Tom must have starved even on this fête-day, for there is not a mouse-hole left unstopped! Here—we must be desperate. Stand behind this screen, and when the old woman enters, dart out, and run for your life.

Amine. Not in such haste, master Claude!

M. R. Master Claude! O the jade! she has mistaken me for Claude all the while. I am overwhelmed—annihilated. O

Plato and Socrates! my character is to be lost, and my matrimonial peace destroyed for nothing!

Amine. (*aside as she goes behind the screen*) I don't like this, I promise you. He did not use to stand in such awe of his guardian's wife, and if he does, so do not I. I shall take good care not to leave my hiding place till I see that the visitor really is Madame, and if satisfied on that point—which my heart, however, misgives me I shall not be—I shall come forward and confess every thing, which after all is nothing more than a girl's frolic.

Enter Notary, urged in by Claude, the Notary dressed for a journey. M. Raison stands behind them. Jaquot and Pierrot following.

Notary. Really, my friend, your request embarrasses me not a little. In the first place, I am overwhelmed with important business; the state stands still; and my horse and the nation wait. Am I warranted under such circumstances in wasting these precious moments in helping a young man out of a scrape of gallantry?

Claude. My dear sir, you are wasting more time in talking than would suffice to take off fifty seals. Make haste, I implore you—a moment's delay may be attended with the most fatal consequences.

Notary. In the second place, as to the legality of the act—how am I to know, without consulting authorities and precedents, that the pains and penalties of the statute will not apply to me as well as to another?

Claude. You are yourself, as the whole town knows, the best

law authority in the kingdom, and your conduct is a precedent that will be conclusive in all the courts in Christendom. Do, my worthy notary, make haste!

Notary. In the third place, we come to the question of morality.

Claude. Confound morality! I shall go distracted!

Notary. You see how strictly I bring up Amine. If I only caught her in another man's house, not to say his closet, without the knowledge of his wife, I would turn her out of doors. Hey, Jaquot—Pierrot?

Jaquot. In course you would.

Pierrot. Take my affidavit.

Notary. But come, I admit that our sex has privileges in that way; the cause of which effect—as that old idiot, Raison, would say—is that men are the law makers as well as the law functionaries. Well, well, let us to work, since it must be so. I could tell you a good story about myself, for I was as young as you one day. Zounds! I can't help laughing at the idea of my sealing up your mistress in a closet as the great prophet Solomon used to bottle the genii!

Claude. Never mind the prophet Solomon—you are worth two of him. But let me open the shutters to give you light. (*opens the shutters, and the notary turning round sees M. Raison staring at him*) Parbleu! what is to be done now?

Notary. (*bowing gravely*) I wish you a particularly good morning, M. Raison.

M. R. Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant. An old idiot, indeed! That man is the greatest ass that ever brayed.

Amine. (*peeping from behind the screen*) Can I believe my ears?—that Claude has actually a mistress in the closet! O what a fool I have been to put my reputation in the power of a profligate! How can I ever look my father in the face? But perhaps I wrong him—I will *not* believe my ears, but wait till I see the vile hussy with my own eyes come out from her hiding place.

Madame R. To be discovered would destroy my character, and tie up my tongue for ever, and if I do not get out I shall burst! M. Raison has a mistress behind that screen, and—miserable woman that I am—I can neither expose him, nor tear the hussy's eyes out.

Notary. I cannot miss so good an opportunity of giving my neighbour a lecture on causes and effects. M. Raison, with your permission, I have a little matter to explain to you—

Claude. (*stopping his mouth*) No you have not! I see all the impropriety of my attempt to detain you from affairs of such importance. Away, in the King's name!—lose not another moment—make haste—make haste!

Notary. Young man, I admire your disinterestedness, and pity your confusion—I take you under my protection. M. Raison—

Claude. (*stopping his mouth*) Think of the state, my dear sir! Think of your horse! Think of the nation!

Notary. Silence in the court! M. Raison, I have had the honour of disagreeing with you in many things, and in none more than the education of children. Under my regime, Amine has grown up into a paragon of modesty, virtue, and decorum.

As for secret love—as for her even entering a house, except under the protection of the matron, it never occurred to her imagination as a thing within the range of mundane possibility. Now, M. Raison, I cannot help feeling some compassion for you. You are a neighbour, I may say you are an old—

M. R. Idiot. But I can tell you, I look upon you as an old ass, so you may bray away.

Notary. The insinuation is offensive; but it relieves the embarrassment with which my humanity was about to communicate something painfully humiliating. You see that young man, your child as I may say, since he was brought up by you from infancy, under some theory of philosophy which I have proved over and over again to be absurd, although I thank heaven I never comprehended a syllable of it: well, sir, I sealed up that closet to-day, unconscious that it contained a woman, the mistress of your pupil, Claude! He has himself confessed that he appointed a rendezvous with her here, to partake of that collation on the table in the absence of the family, and that on hearing me at the door, he stuffed her into the closet. I have consented to let the unlucky wanton out, by taking off the seal for an instant, and have pledged my honour to turn my back so that I may not recognize her. I invite you either to do the same, or to leave the room.

M. R. I am thunderstruck! A mistress behind the screen, and a mistress in the closet! Two women! an honourable and an unlawful love! The profligacy of the rising generation is astounding—it is quite incomprehensible. In fact, the circumstance is so prodigious, that I could almost forgive the jealousy of

Madame Raison, supposing she makes her appearance before the dreadful business is over, if it divided the women between us.

Claude. My dear sir, I hope you will consent to turn your back.

M. R. O you unconscionable young villain!

Claude. Nay, consider, it is no such desperate affair after all. Surely you must think me rather reasonable than otherwise in such matters.

M. R. Reasonable! Two ladies in one room, and at one instant! If this is not the very sublime of wickedness! And Amine, too, that paragon of propriety, who never entered a man's house except when holding by the petticoats of his wife! What will the rising generation come to? But that is the best of the matter—yes, that redeems the villany of the thing, by its putting it in my power to expose the dunderheaded notary. But what if Madame Raison should enter in the midst, and the young cockatrice expose *me* in revenge? Bless my soul! what shall I do? The temptation is great, but the penalty terrific. At any rate, let us get rid of one of the sluts, and then I can bring my reasoning powers to bear upon the other.

Claude. (*following him about*) Come, my dear sir, I know your wits are with Plato, and Cato, and Diogenes, and Chrononhotonthologus — but consider that sublunary time is precious to mortals.

M. R. I must see her, though; yes, it is my duty, as the guardian of this young man's morals, to know who it is who has led him astray. Mr. Notary, have the complaisance to do your

duty without more delay: it shall be my province to conduct the lady out of the house.

Claude. Hold, sir, what are you about? Mr. Notary, I have your word of honour!—Mr. Raison, do you forget that you are a gentleman as well as a philosopher?

M. R. Silence, reprobate! Take off the seals, Mr. Notary, and then stand away, and turn your back.

Claude. I will seal the door with my blood rather than you should open it!

Notary. There is no occasion for blood, for the seal of honour has taken place of that of the laws. Mr. Raison, I beg to intimate to you that my word is pledged to this young man, that his mistress, abandoned as she is, shall be permitted to escape unseen.

M. R. Your word is not binding on me, sir.

Notary. Then I have the honour to wish you a good morning. I shall give you and the lady in the closet another week to think of it.

Madame R. Mercy on us!

Claude (*to M. R.*) A word, sir,—what will Madame think of this? You know I am a virtuous young man in the main, devoted to Amine, and partial to sugared water. It is not *me* Madame suspects of profligacy! Which of us two, think you, will she believe, if I become desperate?

M. R. I am in the toils, by Socrates! But I will do them both a mischief, if it should bring twenty wives upon my head. Claude, your reasoning is incontrovertible; Mr. Notary, I reverence

your sense of honour; and now, so far from looking at the improper petticoat as it emerges from the closet, I will protect it even from my own curiosity. The father of the paragon Amine must not see a sight so repulsive to virtue; and so, if your clerks will give themselves the trouble to unfold *that screen*, and place it close to the wall, we shall all get behind it. What say you, Claude?

Claude. An excellent plan—it would do credit to Socrates himself. Let me go and assist—

M. R. There is no occasion (*holding him*). Come Mr. Notary!

Notary. Jaquot—Pierrot—what are you smelling at, gentlemen? Will you have complaisance to unfold the screen?

Jaquot. In course we will.

Pierrot. Take my affidavit.

M. R. Now for it! By the seven wise men, this will annihilate the blockhead!

Amine. Hist! Jaquot—Pierrot!

Jaquot.
Pierrot. } Mademoiselle!

Amine. If you betray me, you shall never again have omelette for your supper!—there!

Notary. What are you fumbling at, gentlemen? Do you think the nation can wait all day? Is the screen too heavy?

Jaquot. In course it is.

Pierrot. Take my affidavit.

Notary. Come, M. Raison, honour after all is a better safe-

guard against curiosity than all the screens in the world. Stand away from the closet, turn your back, and think of your philosophy.

Claude. Yes, my dear sir, make haste. Only consider what Madame Raison would say if she came in just now. Why, she never would believe me, even if, out of friendship to you, I took it all upon myself.

M. R. The impudence of the rising generation is astounding! But now for the denouement. (*The Notary has taken off the seals and unlocked the door, and now turning his back, advances to the front corner, where M. Raison is standing, with Claude holding him to take care that he shall not look round. Jaquot and Pierrot holding each other*). Upon my life, were it not for the wickedness of the thing, this would be a capital joke—eh, Mr. Notary?—I say, you young dog, is she a married woman? Only fancy her husband here, poor devil! he! he! he!—eh, Mr. Notary?—with his back turned to his own wife, while she marches out behind him like a church! ha! ha! ha!

Notary. Ludicrous, though immoral—he! he! he!—Illegally jocular—ho! ho! ho!—But I say, Raison, we were foolish ourselves once—that is, when we were young—you remember?—ha! ha! ha!

M. R. Yes, yes, when we were young, I admit—ha! ha! ha! I would give fifty francs for a peep! I say, you young villain, is she a very nice girl?

Claude. She is very young and timid, sir,—I am afraid of the effects of this fright upon her delicate nerves.

Madame R. (*coming out of the closet*) To forego my vengeance—to hear M. Raison sniggering there as merrily as if he had not a wife in the world—to know that his impudent jade of a mistress is behind that screen—and that I, the virtuous and long suffering consort, cannot even carry off one handful of her hair for a remembrance—the thought is madness!

Amine. (*coming from behind the screen*) One way out is as well as another, and I am determined to see who that profligate is, if I die for it!

Madame R. Yes, I'm resolved. Their backs are turned, and I will know who the wretch is, that I may at least fix a look upon her face—since it cannot be my nails—that will mark her out for vengeance! (*she wheels suddenly and runs against Amine; they grapple and scream; the gentlemen run to them.*)

M. R. My wife!

Notary. My daughter!

Claude. My Amine!

M. R. Will anybody explain the cause of these effects?

Claude. I am as much astonished as any of you. All I know is, that my dear Amine having been disappointed of the fête, I prevailed upon her to step in here for one instant, just to eat a morsel of a chicken which was to have been one of the party. Is it not so, Amine?

Amine. Just so. And when I came in—thinking of nothing but the chicken—I found the shutters closed; and being afraid of the darkness, I ran to hide myself behind the screen. That is all.

M. R. Query, who closed the shutters? I want to know that.

Claude. I did, sir. The fact is, thinking there was not chicken enough for three, when madame came in I begged her just to step into the closet — and so—and so—

Madame R. And so I did; and from a motive which on *this* occasion was erroneous. M. Raison, I find I suspected you without cause. There, I forgive you for my mistake—(*holds out her hand, which he kisses.*)

M. R. O madame! (*aside*) I thank my stars it is no worse! I am a very bad old fellow, I really am. All here are innocent but I — but I will reform, I will reform. Come, we must forgive them; there is no great harm in the matter, after all.

Notary. Never! I cast her off—I have no Amine.

Claude. Then you cannot object to my making her mine.

M. R. You! O nonsense, this is going too far—(*Amine holds up her finger threateningly*)—Well, well, it might be worse. Come, Mr. Notary, I am sorry I called you an old ——

Notary. Hem! — that will do; and for my part, I equally regret having opined that you were an old ——

M. R. Don't mention it; in this union we shall be united ourselves. There, Claude, take her hand, and eat as many chickens with her as you will. But I say, you young minx, never you come prowling again into an honest man's house in the dark, to overturn his philosophy, and give cause to such preposterous effects!

SONNET.

NERO METROCTONOS.

BY A. M. WOOD.

With murmur musical the flowing tide
Laved the dark outline of the Baian shore,
When the low plashing of the dripping oar
Was heard, and through the clear obscure descried
A regal bark, distinct,—for night denied
Her shadows, and the coronal she wore
Of sparkling stars, beamed on the prow that bore
The destined victim of the parricide.
O fearful power of guilt! the scene around
That every sense with placid gladness fills,
To him henceforth is fraught with dread alone;
He hears a menacing and thrilling sound
Like trumpets' clang reverberate from the hills,
And from his mother's grave, a wailing moan.

"Noctem sideribus illustrem et placido mari quietam, quasi convincendum ad scelus, Dii præbuere." . . . "Erant qui crederent, sonitum tubæ collibus circum editis, planctusque tumulo matris audiri."—*Taciti Ann.* Lib. xiv.

STANZAS.

BY MARY ROBERTS.

The torrent is foaming,
Its waters are roaming
Adown the deep glade by the side of the hill;
Where the wild bird is singing,
And blue-bells are springing,
And the cowslip, and primrose, are lingering still.

Ah, linger ye yet,
With pearly dew wet,
No step o'er the green sod is speeding,
And a few stars on high
Still look down from the sky,
While the pomp of the night is receding.

Ye innocent flowers,
Beloved in bright hours,
Ere the young heart had yielded its gladness;
I would gaze on ye still
By the gush of the rill,
In the depth of my spirit's lone sadness.

It is full sad to think,
As I gaze on the brink
Of the stream, in its deep and fresh flowing,
Of the primrose and blue-bell,
In my own native dell,
And of hours that with rapture were glowing.

O the glee of those hours!
Young hands filled with flowers;
True words in their freshness then spoken!
But the bright eyes that shone,
Are by tears dim'd, or gone;
And the buoyant young spirits are broken.

They were broken too soon:
Few of those reached their noon
Whose young steps on the green sod were springing;
But I still am left,
Of those loved ones bereft,
To list to the bird's blithesome singing.

She poureth her trill
By the gush of the rill,
'Mid the bloom of the blossoming May;
The primrose and blue-bell,
Open still in the dell,
But the friends of my youth!—Where are they?

HIGH-NOON AT VEVAY,

AUGUST, 1842.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

THE mid-day calm of summer sleepeth still
On Leman's glowing breast;
The white clouds tremble on the dark-browed hill,
Fringing each shaggy crest.

Nestling beneath yon mountain's awful shade,
St. Gingulph's hamlet lies;
Hardly by one faint curl of smoke betrayed
To prying poet's eyes.

Slowly, impelled by this the faintest gale
Of all the Æolian cave,
To give yon dream of glory life, a sail
Moves o'er the turquoise wave.

In Nature's own fair palace, every hour
Has beauties of its own;
Fresh morn, or noontide's fiercely blazing power,
Or even's gentler tone;

And hearts that love not, though they may not shun
The cares of English life;
Doubly enjoy such tranquil transports, won
From action's fevered strife.

So glory be to God, who deigned to raise
The everlasting hills;
And called, to mock man's art, fresh songs of praise
From silver-toned rills.

Mindful of those poor Pagans, who once found
In glimpses few and dim,
A God, pervading Nature's spaceless round,
And darkly worshipped Him.

Methinks one wish of sin, one worldly thought,
Would mar this magic sheen—
Changing its glory as a thing of naught
Into an earth-born scene.

They—midst these vineyards, and these walnut-trees,
Their humble altars built,
And feared to make the mountain-sweeping breeze,
Winged herald of their guilt.

And thus may never-dying faith renew,
In these our Christian days,
The bloom of many a childlike flower that grew
By those poor Pagan ways!

Painted by F Danby

THE LANDING PLACE.

Published by Smith, Elder & C.° 65, Cornhill.

Engraved by E. Radclyffe.

LOVE'S LANDING-PLACE.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," &C.

How often do we find beautiful nooks, that may not unaptly be termed love-dimples on the majestic face of nature, associated with some legend, or interesting event of other years, and from which they derive a name that, century after century, is handed down, until frequently the tale is distorted by time, or entirely lost, the appellation only remaining, like a haunting ghost which will not quit the spot!

About a league from Constantinople, and on the Asiatic side of the "Straits," the Turk points to a little sequestered bay, — a mass of shade, the ruins of a fortress half way up the hill, fragments of marble steps, and two or three columns half concealed amid wild roses and clustering ivy, belonging evidently to a Greek temple, are the principal features which strike the beholder;—and this he calls "Love's Landing-Place." Why it bears that name he cannot tell, for the story, except that some "infidel" was the subject of it, is utterly unknown to him. The

good Mussulman despises Greek and Roman lore; and he will not profane his memory by burdening it with tales which cannot be found in his great text-book of knowledge as well as of religion — the Koran.

The scene represented in our Plate is as Love's Landing-Place appeared many centuries prior to the occupation of that glorious country by the followers of Mahomet; the Greek castle on the hill was in pristine beauty; the little temple of Minerva reared its columned head above the orange and cypress trees; and the marble steps, wide, level, and polished, were meet for the footsteps of a queen: Roman prows then floated nightly on the Bosphorus, and beauty sighed to the soft music of the Thracian lute.

It was the favourite resort of watering parties from the great city which, only a hundred years previously, Constantine had built on the site of the ancient Byzantium. Theodosius the Second was at this time Emperor, and though he permitted his sister, the renowned Pulcheria, to arrogate to herself the chief management of affairs, he was spoken of as a young prince of ability and promise. But Luxury was the enslaving goddess of the day; her spells had fallen on all; and old Roman hardihood and valour existed only in the page of history.

Along the Bosphorus, with high carved beak, and glancing oar, bark after bark was skimming; the waters were hushed and glowing beneath the sunset, and the sky was without a cloud, except that in the west the sinking sun had collected all the vapours, and converted them into gold; and gorgeous drapery it

was, to hang around his couch: still as the prows advanced, glad voices echoed over the shining waters, and music filled the air. They reached the head of the cove, and the happy parties soon landed on the broad marble steps; with light feet they bounded over the shore, or frolicked in the groves, while some climbed the hills beyond the old fortress to watch the sun sink behind the Thracian mountains, or catch the first sparkle of the moon as she rose from the waters of the distant Euxine.

But a person came forth from the castle, one of the soldiers, it would appear, who served under the governor; he was arrayed in the garb of a centurion — an officer that had the command of a hundred men; yet he might have been a brave and rising soldier, although the rank of centurion was low in the ladder of military distinction; his beard had not yet assumed the legitimate peak, but the moustache was formed on his proud upper lip. He came to look for one of the party, for, sooth to say, he was enamoured of a lady whom he had first seen as she landed at that spot some three weeks previously. He had nearly reached the little temple of Minerva, when the figure of her whom he was in search of caught his eye; she was lingering behind her friends evidently wishing to be alone; approaching the small shrine, she leant against one of the fluted pillars, and her gay companions considering her dull, fairly left her to her meditations. She was a magnificent specimen of Athenian beauty, the ideal of which has come down to us in marble; the high straight brow, the short curved lip, and swan-like neck: her head was uncovered, her black locks that fell over her shoulders being

braided, and twined with flowers; over a long robe of Tyrian purple, she wore a shorter tunic, her arms in front being bare, for her dress at the shoulder was looped up by strings of pearls.

The beautiful Athenais is an historical character; she was the daughter of the Greek philosopher, Leontius; but our limits forbid us entering into a detail of her interesting adventures; suffice it to say that her learned father dying, left her but ill provided for, and that Athenais had visited Constantinople in order to consult with certain lawyers respecting a little property which her rapacious relatives withheld from her. Yet Athenais ere this would have quitted the imperial city, and returned to her native land, but love held her captive; a stranger was in possession of her heart, needy, she believed, as herself, but whom she loved with all the fidelity of her sex, and all the fervour of her clime.

And again they roamed together through the cypress groves, over the hills, and by the waters rendered immortal by song; and when they were wearied, they entered the temple, which, though deserted and desolate, for Minerva was no longer worshipped there, still afforded shelter and rest.

"Athenais," said the young Roman centurion, leaning thoughtfully on his sword; "you are the daughter of a celebrated man, and though you may not be rich, you have a right to expect a better alliance than that to which my selfish love would urge you."

"Oh! why this mystery? Inform me at once who your parents

are, and then I may be enabled to judge of your condition in life."

"Now by the goddess of this temple where we sit! but I dare affirm that you imagine me some rising Patrician — the son, perhaps, of the governor of yonder fortress; or even a distant relative of the Emperor Theodosius himself — ha! ha!"

"No, I do not suppose that.—Are you an honourable man,—or one who is proscribed, seeing you refuse to discover to me your family?"

"Honour I hope I have; and yet, were I to tell you all, you would consider me worse than proscribed — worse than a felon or a robber —for I know your proud spirit, Athenais."

The girl fixed on him her large Oriental eyes with astonishment. "Worse than a felon?—what then can you be?"

The soldier answered in a deliberate and mournful tone: "I have deceived you — to the arms of a centurion, even though that rank be humble, I have no claim; I have assumed this disguise the better to win your affection — I am the son of a slave!"

This announcement was indeed unexpected. For a Greek lady to ally herself to a helot,—or the daughter of a Roman who was free, to stoop to him whom the law had not emancipated, was considered a degradation almost beyond any other that could befall a female; and few were the women so situated who would not rather sacrifice their lives than be forced to such a connexion. The poor but proud Athenais then started, and involuntarily shrank away.

"Are you not even a freedman?" she cried; "and you have deceived me in this heartless manner!—Oh! whom have I loved!" She turned from him with a passionate burst of anguish, and hid her face in her robe.

The young soldier's mild sorrow seemed to depart; his eye expressed disappointment, and a frown was on his brow.

"And are these your sentiments towards me? No stronger than this is your attachment? I flattered myself that I possessed your love, but I find I am mistaken. The woman I would wed shall not be influenced in her choice by any external circumstances.—Go! Athenais — return to your native country — I renounce you — go!"

Pride for a while may assume the mastery over woman's heart, but the softer passion will, perhaps, too frequently in the end triumph: these adverse feelings were now contending in the bosom of Athenais, and she gazed on her lover one moment with looks of unutterable affection, while the next she seemed inclined to tear herself from him in anger and contempt.

The centurion calmly drew his mantle around him, and was proceeding from the temple.

"Stay!" cried Athenais, wildly clinging to his arm; "do not leave me thus — I admit that pride in the daughter of the Athenian Leontius is strong; but oh! her affection is stronger. Never did I love ere I beheld you, and never shall I love another. If you are a slave, I — I will be a slave also! — only do not leave me!"

"But you will not wed the degraded, the despised?"

"You are not despised by me — your heart is noble, if your condition is lowly. I am yours — if you will take me — yours for ever!"

The young Roman's countenance was suddenly lit up by smiles; he cast from him the mantle in which he had been wrapt; beneath was a vest worn only by royalty: it was a tunic of purple, fringed with precious stones; and as he flung his Thracian cap to the ground, a slender circlet of gold was seen glittering around his head.

"Pardon me, beloved Athenais! for the deception I have practised;" he cried, snatching the girl to his heart. "The first time you landed in yonder cove, I was passing in a chariot, and though you beheld me not, I saw and loved you; — the rest you are acquainted with; and now I have tested your affection; I am convinced of the disinterestedness of your love. Your adorer is not a slave — I am the Emperor of the East! I am Theodosius!"

We dwell not on the astonishment, or the rapture of poor Athenais; we have only to add that she and her royal lover were wedded with all the pomp becoming the exalted station of the latter. The name of Eudocia was bestowed on the new Empress for reasons which need not here be detailed. We may differ slightly from some of the old chroniclers in relating one little portion of our story, but the circumstances in the main will be found to be historically correct; and in after years that sweet nook on the shores of the Bosphorus, where Theodosius first beheld and wooed the Athenian maiden, obtained the name of "Love's Landing-Place."

VERSES.

BY D. M. M.

'Tis vain! — for I will list no more
To words so wild and vain as thine:
Why wilt thou thus thy heart's love pour?
Thou knowest how it tortures mine.
Ye seek not for the wounded dove,
To charm you with its plaintive sigh,
And breathe of tenderness and love,
Then leave me here alone—to die.

Look on my face; this faded cheek
Turns not away before thee now;
No tell-tale maiden blushes speak
For thee, on this cold pallid brow.
Trembles my hand within thine own?
Or do its pulses quicker thrill?
Each beauty and each joy I've known
Are gone, and canst thou love me still?

"Yes," say'st thou?—Turn then and behold
The flash that lightens up mine eye,
It is Death's torch; my hours are told—
And 'twill be happiness to die!
And as this fitful hectic bloom
O'erspreads my cheek, canst thou not see
The rose that blossoms on the tomb?
Then say, am I the bride for thee?

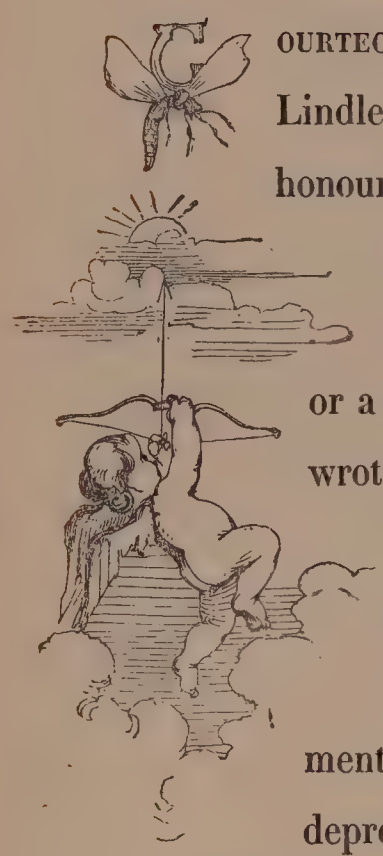
Hush! tell me not of Southern climes,
Where thou wouldst cherish me, and cheer;
Where I might weep o'er former times—
Ah! know'st thou not *he* sleepeth here?
And can I leave the Western Isle
He loved, and would have died to save,
Where first I looked upon his smile,
His home—his country—and his grave!

No more, no more, I dare not tell,
I dare not think of all the past,
His wrongs, and the despair that fell
Upon my heart like lightning's blast
Go, breathe in other ears than mine
Thy faithful vows, thy tender sigh;
Go, may earth's happiness be thine!
My joy, my hope, is but to die.*

* "The sad story to which these lines relate, needs not be explained to those who know the history of one who perished on the scaffold in the dark year of the Irish Rebellion."

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

BY A. S.



COURTEOUS reader! if you are, according to the ungallant Lindley Murray, of the "superior" gender, have you the honour to hold a commission in H. M.'s service, — and have you had the experience of country quarters? If you are of the gentler sex, have you ever had a brother, or a cousin, or some such privileged correspondent who wrote you interminable letters on its disadvantages.

They would dilate therein on libraries without books, and news-rooms with old papers,—and what is worse, on tradespeople with such inordinate development of the organ of caution, and such a proportionate depression of that of benevolence, that their natural propensity seemed to consist in refusing long credit, and the opposition of hostile denial when demanded.

Where can the patriotism of the people be?—There was a time when an epaulette was a passport to the best dinner in the best houses,—when a sabre-cut made a man's fortune, by enlisting in his favour the hearts, and giving him an interest for the hand of the prettiest women in the county. Thank Heaven! I was young—at the beginning of this century; for it would have broken my heart—and soldiers possessed such things then, as you shall presently see—to feel the discount to which the red coats have fallen now-a-days. We now see our places filled by the

trader and money-getting man, handing down the dainty daughters of scions of our nobility; while in time even their pure hearts become incrusted with the universal love of gold! — Oh! days of gold lace, hard cash, gentle-hearted daughters, and liberally disposed parents, whither are ye fled?

There was not a happier or a merrier corps in H. M.'s service than our gallant —th: we had returned to England after settling our troublesome neighbours, and were beginning to enjoy peace, and the assurance of its continuance, when we were ordered to the most dismal of country quarters, and for the first time the tranquillity of our once amicable corps became disturbed by the invasion of an enemy we were totally unprepared to meet.

Every regiment has its favourite, and ours was the youngest Sub in the corps — Harry Fitzmaurice, or as he was familiarly called "Fitz," the handsomest, merriest, and best-hearted son of Erin, who did what he liked with us all, from the old colonel down to the weather-beaten serjeant who had grown grey in the service. Fitz had one misfortune: he was the youngest of seven sons, whose patrimony lay in the bogs of ——shire. He had more beauty than land, more debts than cash, and more wit and good humour than either. To be sure he had a distant cousin, who had promised to bequeath him her silver snuff-box, and a pint cup of the same precious metal, and these he facetiously called "great expectations," and "an interest in the lady's plate;" but beyond this till some unforeseen good fortune should give him promotion a Sub he was likely to remain. But no matter, he was the life of the mess, and more sought after than any man there.

Things went on quietly enough. We amused ourselves as well as our means allowed; but in spite of all, ennui began to show her lengthened visage among us, when the Enemy came down in the form of the fair niece of the testy old squire of Ravenswood, Margaret Mostyn, who, in addition to her other charms, held ten thousand pounds at her own disposal.

You might have found many a more faultless beauty than our belle Marguerite, but you might seek in vain for her bewildering eyes and sunny smile, for *they* belonged exclusively to herself; and then her voice—*you* never heard her warble the melodies of the Emerald Isle! Ah! well; these were the weapons with which this young enemy of peace conquered our gallant — th. Strange and true it is, that she came down upon us like "a wolf on the fold," and did more mischief there than our Peninsular campaign.

Our colonel, who had ever been the most consistent and kind of governors, became morose and capricious; he threatened to turn rigid disciplinarian, and even went so far as to vent his ill-humour upon "the favourite." The major, who had despised the inclination to foppery in our friend Fitz, was metamorphosed into a dandy; while Fitz himself grew melancholy, sang the most pathetic ditties ever chimed from the harp of Erin, and was known to fly to solitude, and pensively solace himself—with a cigar!

Nor were these the only worshippers at the shrine of beauty; some were suing for the sake of her *beaux yeux*, and some from the whispered praise of the "*beaux yeux de sa cassette.*" As a portionless damsel she would have been a beauty; but with so

fair a setting, who shall gainsay that she was a gem of the first water?

The colonel set about winning the lady in the most approved mode of military tactics, by gaining allies in the person of the testy old squire and his prosy sister-in-law, both of whom had the tendency to button-hole-dialogue, which is kept up by one person, himself replying to the question he propounds for your edification. And the colonel having begun to humour the squire in listening to his thrice-told tales of perils from "flood and field," he was ever afterwards a chosen victim for the infliction.

It was about this time that our colonel, who was formerly the best-natured fellow in the world, began to abuse Fitz, whom he designated as a "coxcomb." But where was Fitz all this time? He preferred pleading for himself without waiting for counsel, or hearing the pros and cons of the case. Now for such a course, his cause should have been a very good one (which it was, in his own estimation,) or a very bad one, (which it was in the opinion of everybody else), but then everybody else could not see through the almost impenetrable maze of trees that surrounded the old Manor House of Ravenswood, and still less behold Margaret as she glanced furtively through her long dark lashes at his handsome face, while he (bold fellow) grasped the little hand that hung confidingly upon his arm, and very roughly no doubt, for there was a tear upon her flushed cheek—but yet I do not think she chided him. They wandered there for many an hour, weighing the relative merits of the German language which the colonel had undertaken to teach her, and the more persuasive tongue which she,—docile pupil!—received

from Master Fitz. Let us do him justice; he loved the belle Marguerite for herself, but there was not the least occasion why he should moderate his affection because she had ten thousand pounds, with a fair prospect of twice that sum at the death of the old squire: it was ever his axiom to "secure present good, and leave the future to take care of itself," and he acted upon it now. The colonel, on the contrary, looked on to secure the future:—did he succeed?

The effects began to manifest themselves by Fitz seldom receiving an invitation to the hospitable board of the squire, while the rival colonel generally spent part of each day at the house; for the squire loved a good listener, and the antiquated spinster, Miss Margery M'Caddy, seemed fully to enter into his hopes and fears, in the success of his love;—while la belle Marguerite, we doubt not, was deeply engaged in conning her German verbs in the old summer-house on the other side of the moat.

About this time Miss M'Caddy returned with our belle Marguerite to Dublin, and in a few weeks we also received orders to proceed to the same capital. And here the ire of the Colonel broke out in a thousand vexatious ways against the poor devoted Sub, and before many days had passed he received the command of a recruiting party in a remote part of Ireland. If you have experienced country quarters in England, reader, then imagine all its evils magnified and its advantages (?) considerably diminished, and you will have some faint idea of a similar position in the sister kingdom; add to this, you are just entering on a winter's campaign in Dublin, with the star of the season, according to your own astronomical observations, shining especially

on you. From this Elysium you are threatened with a removal to one of the temporary purgatorical sojourns I have mentioned, low in spirits, lower in that necessary article—cash. A reprieve of a few days from so hard a sentence was earnestly sought, but without success; and one day's leave was all that he obtained.

We had been too short a time in our new abode to inspire confidence in those ruling powers, bootmakers and tailors, and our friend Fitz was reduced to the last extremity of that necessary part of a marching costume, a pair of boots,—and to procure them?—here was the question. At last two confiding Hobys committed, separately, the rash act of promising that they would each supply a pair, on condition that they were paid on delivery of the same. All this was well. An officer of her Majesty's gallant —th could not appear on parade without boots; but how they could be paid for by my merry friend, who owned to me his pennyless condition, I knew not.

Eight o'clock came, and the boots arrived; one was found to be too tight, and returned to be stretched, while he encased his handsome foot in the one approved, which he had scarcely effected when the second pair arrived, and the same fault was found with one of *them*. No sooner was his toilette completed, than he threw himself on his horse, and with a passing injunction to me to meet him an hour thence in Sackville Street, rode off.

As I left my own lodgings, I passed the door he had so lately quitted, and there I beheld two master boot-makers, each with a small unpaid bill, each with a boot, and strange to say, though one was *right*, both were *left!*

And where was the Colonel on this last day of leave of the quondam favorite? In the drawing-room of Miss M'Caddy in —— Street, waiting to give Margaret Mostyn a lesson in German. And where was his pretty pupil?—In the parish church of St. ——, repeating a new lesson, while our handsome Fitz stood by her side and prompted her; and yet it must have been anything but a pleasant lesson in the opinion of an indifferent spectator, for tears were glittering as brightly on the fringe of those downcast eyes, as when I caught a glimpse of her one summer's evening in the bowery shrubberies of Ravenswood. I gave her little hand away myself, and assisted her into the elegant chariot that conveyed Fitz and the Flower of Ravenswood to — country quarters.

Some few months after their marriage, a suit was instituted against the disappointed rival by Miss Margery M'Caddy, for breach of promise of marriage from documents written for another and fairer Margaret. Love and law are two of the great calamities of life; the forlorn bachelor wisely preferred the least, and the further proceedings were carried on at the same altar, where, but a few months before, la belle Marguerite robbed the gallant —th of their favourite.

Many a year has passed since then, and I have heard Fitz declare to the stripling by his side, as he glanced at his still lovely wife, that the happiest hour of his existence he dated from country quarters.

N. B.—We are confidently assured the boots *were* ultimately paid for.

THE INCONSOLABLE.

SCENE, *Slumberwell Church-yard—the* TIME, *Close of Day*—
Though not quite *en règle*, allow me this way
To open—although I'm not writing a play :
For I know 'twould be better,
And more to the letter
Of orthodox law
A picture to draw
Of the village itself—our fair Slumberwell;
And I only can plead,
That I'd do so indeed,
Did my limits exceed
The pages I want for the text :—but I'll tell
That it boasted a pond, and a grove, and a green,
" Rose Cottage," " Belle Vue," and a tall house between.
One shop, whose bow window revealed to the view
Loaves of bread on one side (neither tempting nor new) ;
But it also was hinted that bacon, or pin,
Or pepper, or tea, might be purchased within :
And needles, and tape, and sugar and cheese ;
So doubtless each customer's taste they could please,
And please themselves also, with profit and ease ;

As no opposition had they to dread,
So peaceful and happy the life that was led
By the Slumberwellites, or the Slumberwellilions,
(I know not which term may best suit the millions).
No doubt, they were excellent folks in their way,
And in candour and justice, this much I will say ;
If in church or in church-yard you wander awhile,
Through the tall dark grass, or the echoing aisle,
As on wood or on stone
The inscriptions are shown
(Though to answer 's a task,)
You'd be tempted to ask,
" Since only the good people here seem to lie,
Pray what do you do with the bad when they die ?"

Now I think a church-yard wakes each solemn thought
Which dwells in the heart, or at least that it ought ;
But if gravely disposed, and with sentiment fraught,
Can we help ourselves if for a moment we're caught
By a frolicsome sprite,
Who most doth delight,
In his motley to deck,
And show us the speck
Where absurdity lurks
With its smiles and its smirks ;
Enwreathing its thread
With things mournful and dread,

Till so fast are they wed,
That perforce we are led
To yield up our heart,
To the merrier part.

This just was the case that soft summer night
When the early stars broke through the pale twilight,
And the young moon shone as serenely bright,
As if she ne'er looked below
On strife, sin, or woe.
I sat down to rest on an old tomb-stone,
By grass and wild flowers all o'ergrown ;
But through wild flowers and grass I was able to scan
The legend it bore, which thus began :—

" *In memory of a darling wife,*
The joy and solace of my life,
This stone is raised by him who now,
Longing, himself awaits the blow,
When death shall kindly lay him low ;
For Death, so cruel to divide,
Alone can place us side by side.

Also in memory of"—was underneath ;
But here the weeds had formed a sort of wreath,
So that I could not see,
The village poesy,
Although I knew it then
Turned to that " best of men"

Himself, who, doubtless, quickly followed to the grave
The lost and loved his anguish could not save!
I should have said,
That at the head,
Where was recounted this sad tale,
A stooping figure seemed to wail,
And with one wing was clearly trying
(A stony wing, not meant for flying)
To wipe away the stony tears
That after five-and-thirty years,
(So from the battered date appears)
Still coursed adown the stony cheeks,
Whose many weather-beaten streaks,
Neighboured too by a broken nose,
And loss of fingers, and of toes,
Proclaimed that either rude old Time,
Or Slumberwell's ungenial clime
Had shown but small respect to one
Who through all trials still wept on.

Mine was a kind of waking dream,
And while I pondered there did seem
A sort of radiance to gleam,
Which I could plainly trace,
As it did quickly chase,
From the stone angel's face,
All signs of woe;

While there did grow,
Curling the lip the while,
A most indubitable smile;
And but a minute after,
With smothered laughter,
The bruised and broken thing,
Still resting on one wing,
Bade me in voice though low yet clear,
To tear away the weeds that grew so near:
Murmuring the while, " Ah! when *she* first lay here
He used to come and water with a tear
The earth that covered her—even me he'd grasp,
And wreaths of flowers around me clasp;
He *said* he envied me, that I should ever be
Near the sad home of his dear Emily:
Yet somehow, after a few weeks were gone,
He used to leave me very much alone;
The flowers he twined around my urn,
Were faded quite before he did return;
And soon he made his visits 'few and far between,'
Till for three months at once he was not seen.
But when at last he came, no tear was shed,
Upon his Emily's low narrow bed;
And, oh! the next time that he came,
I did not know him for the same.
Sables were doffed; he smiled and looked so gay—
I should observe, he only passed this way
To church upon his *second* bridal day!"

I started as I tore away
The grass and wild flowers that had grown
Cloud-like around the lettered stone.
And thus I read—

"*In memory of dear Jane,*
The second wife of Walter Blane."
"Go on," the stony figure said,
And, half indignant, half in dread,
I turned to my fierce work again,
And grass and wild flowers tore amain,
Till there appeared another name,
And to the third — *third* — wife I came!

Now, though no doubt it would be wittier,
And look on paper far the prettier,
To rail against false fickle man,
(Who *only* has been "fickle" since the world began!)
It seems to me a happy thought,
A ray of Heaven's mercy caught,
That Time—abuse him as we will—
Has power to soothe our sorrows still;
And though the living may not fill
Quite up the void, the aching heart
Feels when the loved one doth depart,
It is a happy dispensation
That they should make *some* compensation!

C.

MY FIRST LOVE!

BY MRS. WALKER.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

MOORE.

ALL men acknowledge to having had a *first* love. How large an addition some have made to the list, what number in the calendar they have reached ere "my *last* love" is recorded, it would be impertinent, and in many instances not very convenient to inquire. But all men, "grave or gay, lively or severe," confess to having surrendered their heart, in their days of adolescence, to the keeping of some blue or dark-eyed damsel, who combined in their judgment (in that happy period when the judgment is so easily cheated by the imagination) all the charms and fascinations of Helen, Venus, and Cleopatra together. I myself own "the soft impeachment," and now give a brief detail of this bright and blissful passage in my existence. I was then (some two years' since,) a student at Oriel College, Oxford, living much the same life as by far the greater number of students do; that is, evading as far as in me lay, the purposes for which I was sent thither. Giving as little time to study, as much to pleasure as availed to keep me in the books, and prevent the disagreeable

éclat of expulsion. I had just returned after the long vacation; and the months of pampered indulgence I had passed at my mother's, the ease and indolence which a sojourn in the "sweet south"—balmy, enervating Italy, were too vivid in my recollection, too much to my taste, not to make me find the transition to academic forms and restraints unpalatable and irksome.

I had been located again in my rooms but a week, when one morning, feeling myself more than ordinarily at variance with the classics, and the gay sun and clear bracing air of October seeming most especially inviting to equestrian exercise, I flung down my books, and in a few minutes had mounted my "gallant grey," and with my faithful dog Otho by my side, sallied forth. I took the road to Woodstock, not that I had not a hundred times before explored the beauties of Blenheim,—not that I had failed *more* than a hundred times to pay my devoirs to the radiant eyes and "hyacinthine locks" of Miss G——, the pretty glove-maker at Woodstock, who at that time numbered half the students at Oxford as her slaves,—these were not the inducements which on the morning in question determined me in my course. But a vision of the sweetest face I had ever then, or have since beheld, had once met my gaze at a cottage at Ashby, in the vicinity of Woodstock, and though several months had rolled over, I had never forgotten its soft spring-like loveliness. "Coming events," says the poet, "cast their shadows before," and I suppose it was a dim fashioning forth of the result of my this day's ride, which guided my movements, prompted the resistless desire to go out, and decided my selection of the road.

My horse, to whose whims I was ever indulgent, manifesting a strong inclination to explore the recesses of a green shady lane, I loosened the rein that he might follow his bent, and had advanced but a few paces when I fancied I heard a faint, very faint cry, not amounting to a scream of pain, but a sound denoting terror. The cause was soon explained; my dog had caught the ends of a boa encircling a lady's neck, and being much in love with the new plaything, was jumping, barking, and using every kind of rough endeavour to obtain possession of the prize. I instantly whistled off Otho, and dismounted to apologize. A gentle voice murmured thanks, a tiny hand was raised to adjust a long black crape veil, but not before I had detected beneath its shadowing folds the matchless unforgotten features of the beautiful girl I had seen at the cottage window in the May preceding. I perceived to my astonishment that young as she was, she was attired in the sable trappings of widowhood, which added, if anything could add, to the interest her exquisite loveliness excited, and enlisted pity with admiration. Now, if the curious reader expects me to reveal by what steps I finally achieved an introduction to her mother, (her only surviving parent, under whose roof she resided,) he or she will be disappointed. Enough that I did succeed in this my desired aim, and became a constant visitor at the cottage of Mrs. Mansfield, for so was her mother called. Every succeeding interview with Fanny (my young divinity), only confirmed the impression her first appearance made on me; my heart enthralled and vanquished, my hand and fortune were soon tendered to her acceptance. It was then I learned the details

of her brief history and present position. Mrs. Mansfield was the widow of a clergyman, who when living, filled the office of curate in the village of Ashby, where they lived, and who to augment a small income, prepared young men (as the phrase goes) for the University. He had one resident pupil, Arthur Tyndal, the only son of a baronet, of large fortune and boundless pride. The youth soon became deeply enamoured of the fair girl with whom he was day by day domesticated — the affection was reciprocal. But from the days of Shakespear to the present period, the "course of true love never did run smooth," and the attachment of Arthur and Fanny offered no exception to the—alas!—general rule. Some kind friend informed the imperious father of his heir's entire devotion to a poor curate's daughter. The result was an immediate recall home, and a peremptory command to break off the acquaintance. The more effectually to do this, a commission was obtained for him in a regiment ordered to India, and poor Arthur, under penalty of a father's curse, commanded to accept it. He did so. The vessel which was to carry him to his destination, was detained by contrary winds at Portsmouth. He resolved to procure a parting interview with his beloved,—and four horses soon brought him to Ashby. He saw her, and succeeded by the witchery of love's eloquence, in obtaining her consent to an instant private marriage, at a neighbouring village church, where some months previous, the banns had been published—both being minors — they were united; and after one long fervent embrace of his bride, Arthur entered the post chaise in

waiting, and returned to Portsmouth. Two hours after his arrival there, he was traversing the deep blue waters, on his voyage to India. Months—years, passed on—years of almost insupportable suspense to Fanny, for not one letter of love, not one line of assuring tenderness from the bridegroom to the bride, reached the deserted girl. At the expiration of five years, a cold, formal, communication from the solicitor of Sir Charles Tyndal (Arthur's father) announced to her the agonizing intelligence, that Arthur had fallen a victim to the climate of India; and on his death-bed, had revealed the fact of his marriage,—imploring from his father provision for his widow. In accordance with this desire, poor Fanny was offered a paltry annuity of fifty pounds a-year. Her father wrote an instant and indignant refusal, and the correspondence ceased. The bereaved girl surrendered herself up to absolute despair, and ere she recovered from the heavy blow fate had dealt her, she had to endure a second, in the sudden demise of her father. Small, very small, when all demands were cancelled, was the sum of ready money of which Mrs. Mansfield and her daughter found themselves possessed. With a portion of it they purchased the cottage in which I found them, and opened a preparatory school. The interest which Fanny's history, now generally known, excited, together with the respect in which the memory of Mr. Mansfield was held, soon procured them pupils—and an income available for the simple wants of the mother and daughter, was easily obtained by their exertions. It was in this position I found them. Fanny was now near the close of the seventh year of widowhood, but the weeds custom assigns as a type of her condition had never been laid aside.—Fondly, impe-

tuously, and ceaselessly, did I implore her to exchange them for the orange wreath and bridal veil, but I ever received this reply—"Wait till the termination of this year, the seventh I have numbered since I parted with my poor Arthur at the church-door, and I will then be yours!" On this hope I lived—and with the present joy of daily communion with the purest—gentlest —and loveliest of earthly beings,—the future expectation of calling her at no distant day, my own—all my own—I was happy, thrice happy. Assuredly more joy was compressed into the few months I lingered by her side, than has been extended over the surface of all the years I have numbered since.

June, with its promise of Summer's precious gifts, had only just commenced, when I received a letter, announcing the dangerous illness at Lisbon (whither he had gone for the recovery of his health,) of my uncle—who was also my guardian—and urging the necessity of my immediate presence. All who remember the agony of a first parting with their first love—will imagine what I suffered at being called on to leave, though but for a few weeks, my affianced bride. But duty as well as affection for my excellent relative demanded the sacrifice. It was made. To Lisbon I hastened, but, alas! only arrived in time to receive my uncle's last sigh. The adjustment of his affairs occupied weeks, to me they seemed years. I wrote repeatedly to Fanny, and at first my answers were prompt and affectionate. But suddenly they ceased. Just when I verily believe my suspense was beginning to unsettle my reason, I brought the complicated business which had detained me to completion, and sailed for England.

My "Native land" once gained, I hurried onwards to Ashby,

sought the well-known cottage, and saw in the dear little garden Fanny—my own betrothed Fanny, linked arm in arm with a handsome young man, into whose face she was gazing with all the intensity of devoted love. As I write, I literally shudder while retracing the desperate maddening agony of that moment. Fanny caught a glimpse of me, and leaving her companion, came running towards me, joy beaming in her face and lighting up her eyes with dazzling lustre—" My husband is alive, is returned!"

There are passages in every one's life so fraught with bliss,—so steeped in anguish, that all language fails to represent them. This was one. Explanation followed; I learned that the long mourned Arthur had arrived a fortnight previous. Through bribery and corruption on the part of his father, the post-mistress of Ashby had been induced to intercept all the letters he had sent to Fanny, after his departure for India, as well as those addressed by her to him. Nor did the treachery and baseness practised towards him end here. A letter from his father assured him of the fact, that Fanny had married. He wrote to her—to Mr. Mansfield, for denial or confirmation of the report. No reply (of course) relieved him, and the silence was construed into admission of her faithlessness. He became reckless of health — of every thing, and through want of caution, was attacked with a fever incident to the climate. When believed by his physicians past recovery, he communicated to his father the clandestine alliance he had formed with Fanny, and implored him, unworthy as she had proved, to settle on her an adequate provision. How little did he deem, that to accomplish his own designs, his father pretended that his illness, which contrary to

expectation took a favourable turn, had terminated fatally, that his fair and innocent bride was mourning in bitterness his premature death. He voluntarily remained in India, explored the interior, and sought by intercourse with new scenes and people, some distraction to the corroding grief, which the conviction of Fanny's perfidy caused. But the time came, when the "wicked ceased from troubling." His father died; and his return to his native country became imperative. Then was it he learned, from the agent, of his father's villany, who, at the death of his patron became conscience-stricken, all the chicanery employed to separate himself and Fanny. And soon from her own lips, he heard the joyous assurance, that she was his own still in heart and faith. She at once acquainted him with the engagement I had induced her to enter into. But, alas! for my vanity, I fear all the regret at its being annulled was on my side exclusively. A letter was despatched to me at Lisbon, containing the necessary details which must have crossed me on my passage home. Though I could not but rejoice, that she who was so well calculated to grace the highest station, was permanently fixed in rank and position; still her happiness was purchased so entirely by the annihilation of my own, that I hurried from the spot which had been to me the scene of such blissful delight, and with faltering voice, bade Fanny farewell for ever.

She is now one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of fashion, and as I often look at her lovely face, beaming from her opera box, I whisper to myself, "Well, certainly never man had so beautiful a first love."

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To the ladies' shady bower!
Children of that southern clime
Chronicled in olden time
As the land of rare romance,
And of Beauty's witching glance;
Where the Goths and Moorish race
Struggled for the regal place;
Where the Cid once fought and bled,
And — oh! strange the story — wed!
Daughters of the land that seems
To northern fancy, bright as dreams;
Where the sunshine over all
On the generous soil doth fall;

Where the olives rich do dwell ;
And the luscious grape doth swell,
Till the sparkling amber wine,
Born but of the clinging vine,
Is an offering fit and sweet,
When the great and lovely meet.
Land of beauty — sunny Spain,
Girt by mountains and the main ;
Seemingly most blest of Heaven,
Yet by murderous discord riven !
Ladies from your balcony,
Why look ye down with anxious eye,
Is it for a lover nigh ?

No ! a whisper floats to me,
And I grieve that it should be.
Gentle ladies, gaze no more
On the wounded Matadore,
Or the noble Bull which now
Madden'd — writhing — lies below.
Remnant of a barbarous stage,
Blot it from the present age ;
Or if ye cannot sway the throng,
Be not YE the crowd among !

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